

TOP COW

Daniel Conrad Horie Dreamer

HUMAN KIND

All Roads Lead To (New) Rome Part 1 of 5



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"When it comes to drawing beautiful women and kickass monsters, Daniel's hands have the golden touch." —

WIZARD

HUMANKIND® #1

All Roads Lead to (New) Rome

Part 1 of 5

The planet Thera is just like Earth...gone horribly wrong. Thera has been monitoring Earth for decades, copying Earth's culture and commerce. And the planet's brilliant geneticists have even created their own Earthlings, with Thera factories cranking out slave-class humans.

Detective Alia Sparrow is a factory-bred human herself, head of Thera's Human Crimes Bureau. When an actual human unwittingly lands on Thera, the delicate balance is upset. Alia Sparrow finds herself at the crossroads between her Thera masters... and the underclass Humankind.

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"DO YOU READ?
SHPK!

"DEFIANT 12 TO COMMAND
CONTROL. SHPK! COME IN!

"COMMAND CONTROL,
DO YOU-- SHKSP!"

SHHHKRAAAKAKAKAKAKAK!!

"THIS IS COMMAND CONTROL. HAVING
TROUBLE HEARING YOU. SHKSKSK--
SSHHHHH-- YOU'VE GONE OFF RADAR.
PLEASE GIVE COORDINATES. OVER. SHKP!"

"DEFIANT 12 HAS DISINTEGRATED
UPON RE-ENTRY. REPEAT. THE
DEFIANT HAS DISINTEGRATED. CREW
IS ENTERING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE
VIA ESCAPE POD. OVER. SHKP!"

"SKSHSKSKSKSP--
PLEASE-- SHSKSKP--REPEAT--
SKSKSKSHHHSSSHHH--
GIVE-- SHSKSKS--"

"WE'RE
COMING
IN FAST.

"COORDINATES
... UNKNOWN.
POSSIBLY
THE PACIFIC
OCEAN.

"TRACKING
DEVICE IS
ON. WE'LL
SEE YOU
ON EARTH.
OVER."

SPLASHHHH!

I DON'T
REMEMBER THE
CRASH. JUST
THE SALT WATER
POURING INTO
OUR POD.

THE ENTIRE
CREW WAS LOST.

EXCEPT ME.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW
HOW I GOT OUT
OF THERE ALIVE.
I JUST REMEMBER
WAKING UP ON A
RED BEACH.

I DON'T KNOW
OF ANY RED
BEACHES. NOT
IN AMERICA.
AND CERTAINLY
NOT IN MY
HOMELAND...

...RUSSIA.

I WAITED AT
THE CRASH SITE
FOR NEARLY
SEVENTEEN
HOURS. THEY
SAID THAT IF
THERE ISN'T A
RESCUE TEAM
BY THE THIRD
HOUR... THERE
WON'T BE ONE.

WHEN I
FINALLY SAW IT,
I THOUGHT IT
WAS A MIRAGE.

HOLY
CHRIST.

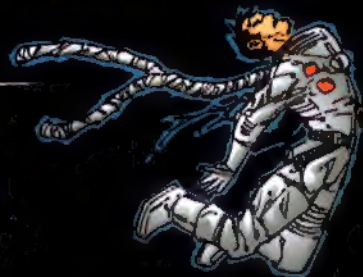
I KNOW THAT IN TIMES OF GREAT
STRESS, THE MIND PLAYS TRICKS.
THERE WAS A CHANCE THAT I WAS
DELUSIONAL... MAYBE FROM THE
EXTREME COLD, OR MAYBE JUST
FROM THE TRAUMA OF ALL THAT
HAD HAPPENED.

BUT THERE WOULD
BE NO SUCH LUCK.

IT WOULD TAKE NEARLY A WEEK
FOR THE FULL IMPACT OF WHAT
HAD HAPPENED TO MY CREW
AND I TO REGISTER UPON ME.

BUT IT WOULD TAKE ONLY A
DAY FOR ME TO KNOW THAT
IT WOULD'VE BEEN BEST HAD
I DROWNED WITH THEM.

YAAAAAAA!!!



SIX MONTHS LATER.

I'M DR. BRUNO KARLOFF. I WAS BORN AND RAISED IN MOSCOW.

I WAS NAMED AFTER MY FATHER, A GENERAL IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY. MY MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE GAVE BIRTH TO ME. MY FATHER SAID I WAS NEVER TO LEARN HER NAME.

BUT I LEARNED IT LATER: KATARINA.

SHE WAS A BALLERINA. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ALL OF RUSSIA. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF SHE IS WATCHING OVER ME.

IF SHE IS, THEN I HOPE SHE STOPPED WHEN MY CAPTORS STARTED TO CHANGE ME.



MY OWN EXPERIENCE AS A DOCTOR TELLS ME THAT THESE ALIEN CREATURES HAVE BEEN MONKEYING AROUND WITH MY GENETIC MAKE-UP.

STOP!!!

I WANT TO GO HOME!!!

THE CHANGES WERE SUBTLE AT FIRST: HEADACHES, SCALY SKIN... A DESIRE TO EAT MY OWN FLESH.





THE CHANGES ARE
GETTING MORE... EXTREME.
SOMETIMES, IT FEELS LIKE A
TOTAL METAMORPHOSIS IS
WASHING OVER MY BODY.

OH GOD...
IT'S GONE
TOO FAR.

THE PAIN! I
FEEL IT IN MY
BONES... EVEN MY
TEETH!

NO...
MY FANGS!

YOU SONS OF
BITCHES...

I... AM...
HUMAN!

Veep!
Ka-CRAASHHH!
Veep!
Veep! Veep!

OH, MY! THERE'S
BEEN A BREACH IN THE
QUARANTINE LAB. MY, MY, MY,
HOW COULD THIS HAVE
HAPPENED?!



GONE. THE
ANIMAL'S GONE! HOW
COULD THIS BE?! HE
WAS COMPLETELY
SEDATED!!



I'LL BE
DISSECTED
FOR THIS!!

GRRRRRRR...



SCREEEEEEEE!!

Veep! Veep!
Veep!
Veep!



I CAN'T THINK
STRAIGHT. I JUST KNOW
I'M OUT OF MY CAGE.
MY HEAD IS SPINNING.



CKRAASHHH!

DON'T THINK.
JUST GO.



ATTENTION
CITIZENS OF NEW
ROME: A HOSTILE
CRIMINAL HAS ESCAPED
DETENTION. PLEASE
REPORT ANY SIGHTINGS
TO YOUR LOCAL
CRIME OFFICE.

THEY VIOLATE MY BODY IN
EVERY WAY IMAGINABLE AND
I'M THE HOSTILE CRIMINAL?

THEY EXPERIMENTED ON
ME AND ALTERED MY DNA.

THEY TURNED ME INTO A
DAMNED MONSTER.

THHOMP!



THE FUGITIVE
IS CONSIDERED
RADIOACTIVE,
AND HIGHLY
DANGEROUS.

CONTACT YOUR
LOCAL CRIME OFFICE TO
REPORT ANY SIGHTINGS. THE
NEW ROME GOVERNMENT
THANKS YOU FOR YOUR
COOPERATION. LOG ON TO
CNN NEWS FOR FURTHER
DETAILS.

IT'S HAPPENING
AGAIN...

I'M...
REVERTING...
THANK
HEAVEN...

...JUST KEEP MOVING,
BRUNO... SURVIVE,
THAT'S ALL I CAN DO...

...FOR NOW...

SCHRRREEEAAACHHHH!

NEW ROME'S PLEBIAN
NEIGHBORHOOD.

THEY CALL ME "HELP"
BUT I KNOW BETTER.

CLINK!

I'VE WATCHED
ENOUGH OF THE
HISTORY CHANNEL.
I MAY NOT BE FROM
AFRICA. THIS MAY NOT
BE THE 1800'S, AND
THIS MAY NOT BE
EARTH...

"YES, YOUR
HIGHNESS. ANYTHING
YOU WISH, YOUR
HIGHNESS. OF COURSE,
IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL,
YOUR BLOODY,
STINKIN'
HIGHNESS!"

...BUT
I AM A
BLOODY
SLAVE.

SAY, DO ANY OF
YOU OTHER SLAVES IN
HERE HAPPEN TO HAVE
ANY FABRIC SOFTENER? MY
MASTER PREFERS THAT THE
FABRIC CUSHIONS HER
PRECIOUS, WART-RIDDED
TUSH.

THANKS,
PAL. YOU'VE
JUST SAVED
ME FORTY
LASHES.



SWEET JESUS! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?!

I'VE COME HERE TO COMPLETE A MISSION. WHAT IS YOUR I.D. NUMBER, HUMAN?

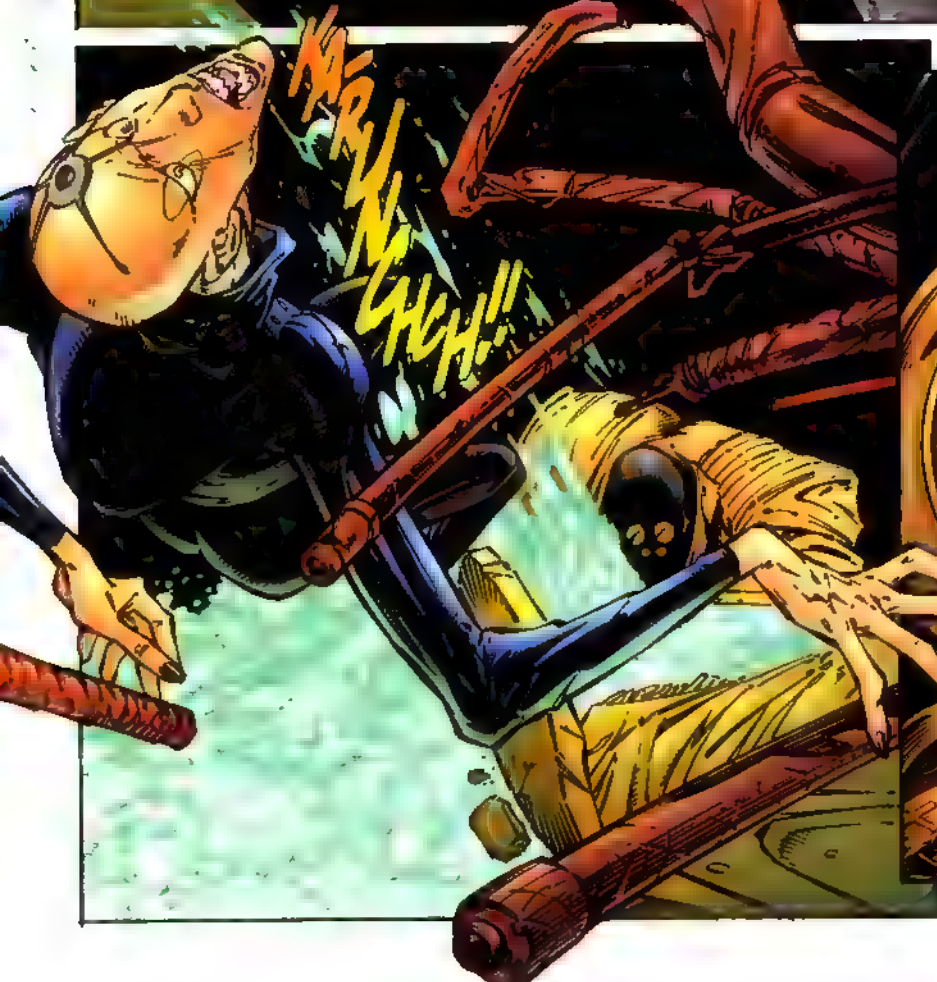
M-M-MY I.D. NUMBER? 555-2210-6999.

WH-WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?



YOU!

YAH!!



KAR KACH!!



M-MAYBE YOU DIDN'T GET MY NUMBER RIGHT! LET ME-- UH-- REPEAT IT!

I GOT IT RIGHT.



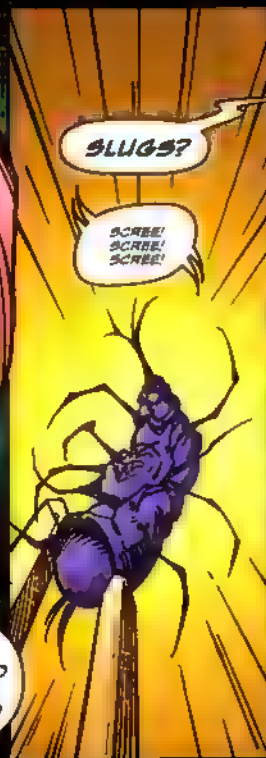
ELSEWHERE.

UH, MISS?
I ASKED FOR
WHITE RICE.

YOU
HUMANKIND!
THAT'S TOP
QUALITY FOR
HUMANKIND!

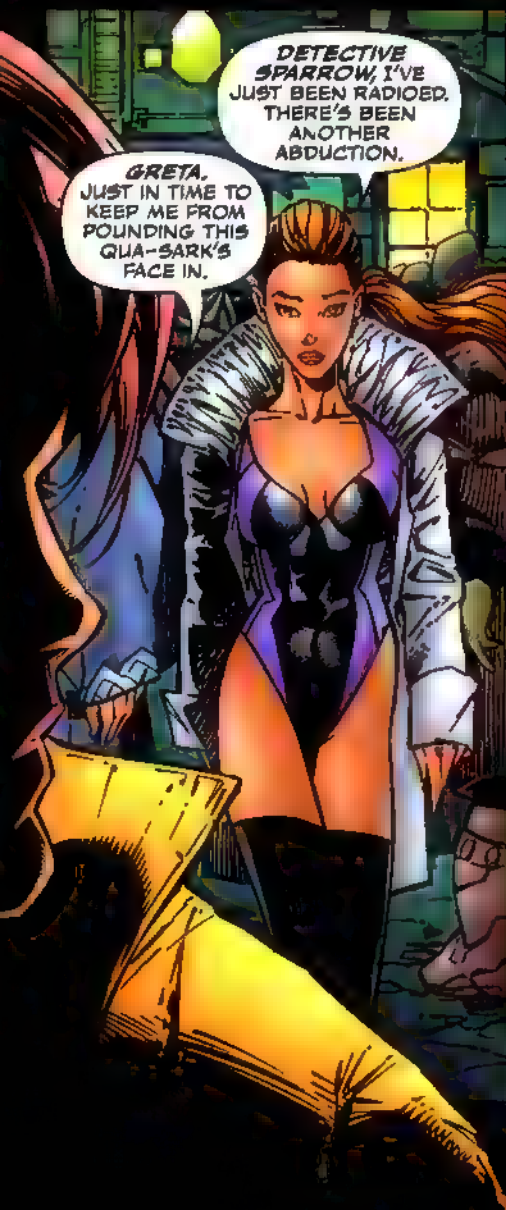


YEAH, WELL MY
MONEY IS THE
RIGHT KIND, I BET. AND
DIDN'T ANYONE EVER
TELL YOU, HUMANKIND
DON'T EAT--



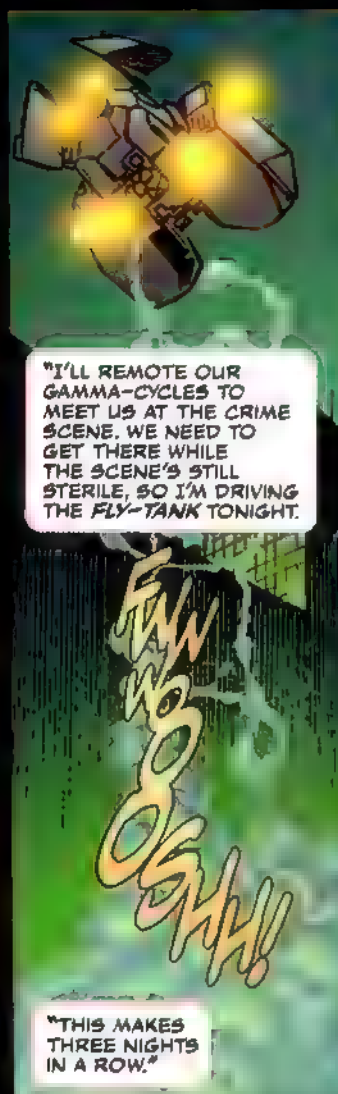
SLUGS?

SCREE!
SCREE!
SCREE!



DETECTIVE
SPARROW, I'VE
JUST BEEN RADIOED.
THERE'S BEEN
ANOTHER
ABDUCTION.

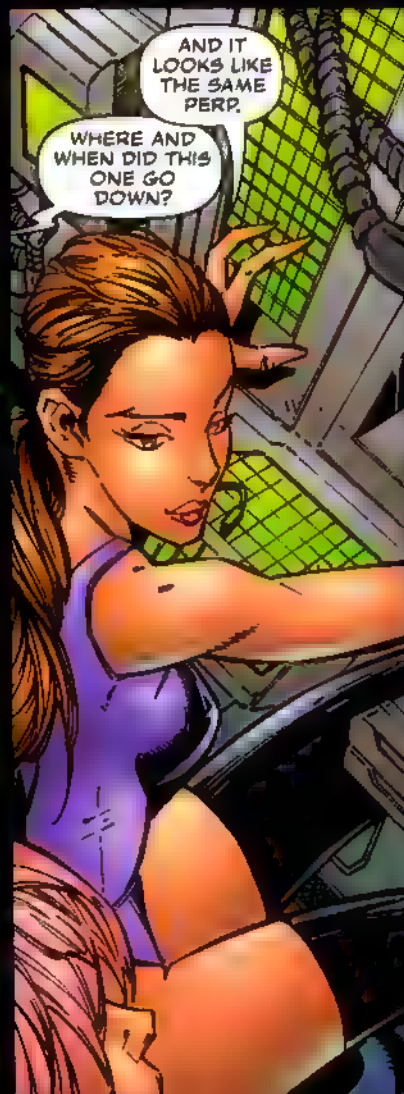
GRETA,
JUST IN TIME TO
KEEP ME FROM
POUNDING THIS
QUA-SARK'S
FACE IN.



"I'LL REMOTE OUR
GAMMA-CYCLES TO
MEET US AT THE CRIME
SCENE. WE NEED TO
GET THERE WHILE
THE SCENE'S STILL
STERILE, SO I'M DRIVING
THE FLY-TANK TONIGHT.

FW
WO
OSH!!

"THIS MAKES
THREE NIGHTS
IN A ROW."



AND IT
LOOKS LIKE
THE SAME
PERP.

WHERE AND
WHEN DID THIS
ONE GO
DOWN?

"APPROXIMATELY ONE HOUR
AGO. OVER IN THE PLEBIANS.
A LAUNDROMAT."

"WELL, GET IN *GEAR*.
WE HAVE TO SHOW
OUR MUSCLE HERE."

ALL RIGHT.
WHO'S IN
COMMAND
HERE?

I AM.





THIS MAKES THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW I'VE SEEN YOU, HEMLOCK. I'M STARTING TO THINK "CONSPIRACY."

THE LENGTHS I'LL GO THROUGH JUST TO SEE YOU, ALIA.

ANYONE KNOW WHO THE ABDUCTEE IS?

ANOTHER ONE OF CRUCIFER'S.



THE FIRST TWO, I MIGHT'VE BELIEVED IN COINCIDENCE. THREE TIMES, AND I SMELL A RAT.

CRUCIFER HAS MANY HUMAN HELPERS, ESPECIALLY HERE IN THIS CITY. I'D STILL SAY IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE.

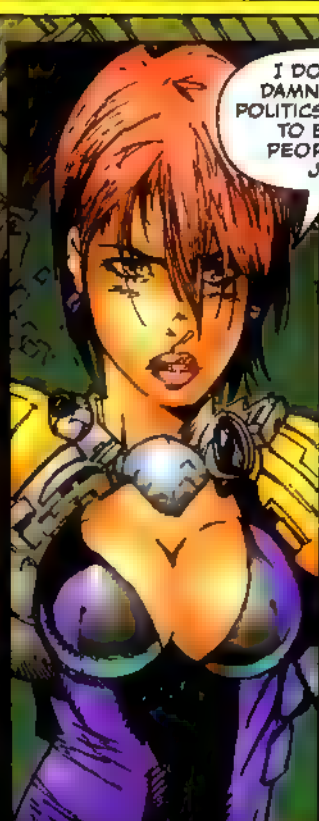
WHAT'S WITH THE DEFENSE? SCARED?



I DON'T NEED TO START TROUBLE WITH SOMEONE OF HIS STATURE. I LIKE MY JOB.

THAT'S WHAT SEPARATES YOU AND ME, HEMLOCK.

HHMM.



I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE POLITICS. I JUST WANT TO BRING OUR PEOPLE A LITTLE JUSTICE.

IT WON'T BE EASY TO GET AN INTERVIEW WITH CRUCIFER. HE'S THE TOP GENETICIST IN THE COUNTRY. HE HELPED BREED THE DISEASE-FREE HUMAN POPULATION. EVEN THOUGH HE'S HUMAN, MOST THERANS CONSIDER HIM ALMOST A GOD. I'LL NEED A BUTT-LOAD OF PROBABLE CAUSE.



HHMMEEEEEE RRR!

LOCATION:
THERAN
GOVERNMENT
RESEARCH
FACILITY,
MOUNTAINS
OF ST. HELEN.

THE BIRTHPLACE
OF THE NEWEST
LIFE FORM ON
THE PLANET
THERA: HUMAN
BEINGS.

I'M AFRAID I
AM THE BEARER OF
DISAPPOINTING NEWS,
HIGH LORD. CRUCIFER
WAS UNAWARE OF YOUR
VISIT AND IS NOT
HERE.

THIS IS
UNACCEPTABLE. A
CRISIS SUCH AS THIS,
AND HE HAS HIS
SLAVES RUNNING
THE SHOW?

LORD
CRUCIFER DOES
NOT CONSIDER ALL
WHO WORK FOR HIM
"SLAVES," HIGH
LORD.

THE MAN NEVER
CEASES TO ASTONISH.
IF YOU ARE NOT HIS
SLAVE, THEN YOU ARE HIS
PET. NOW, DO AS A GOOD
PET WOULD DO, AND
RETRIEVE YOUR
MASTER.

YES,
HIGH LORD.
AT ONCE.

ZZZ FLOW!!!

PLEASE ACCEPT
MY APOLOGIES, YOUR
HIGHNESS. I HAVE BEEN
AT THE LOCATION OF THE
INCIDENT SINCE FIRST
LEARNING OF IT. I DO
BELIEVE I KNOW HOW THE
CREATURE ESCAPED.

THE
DAMAGE IS
IRREPERABLE!
HE'S ALREADY
IN THE
POPULATION!

HUMANKIND IS
YOUR RESPONSIBILITY,
CRUCIFER! YOU STILL MUST
FACE THE TRIBUNAL. THEY
HAVE MANY CONCERNS. I
TRUST YOU WILL CONVINCE
THEM OF YOUR
COMPETENCE IN THIS
MATTER.

THY WILL
BE DONE.

HIS VIRUS
SHOULD HAVE AN
INCUBATION PERIOD
OF SEVEN DAYS. SO
LONG AS WE CATCH
HIM BEFORE THEN,
THE POPULATION
WILL BE SAFE

LATER, THE TRIBUNAL.

JUDGES OF THE TRIBUNAL, IT IS WITH GREAT REGRET THAT I RECOMMEND THAT THE REGION IMPOSE A HUMAN CURFEW UNTIL THE ESCAPED EARTHLING IS CAPTURED. GIVEN THE DANGERS TO THE GENERAL HUMAN POPULATION, WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.

JUDGES OF THE TRIBUNAL, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE DO NOT PANIC. WE HAVE SEVEN DAYS IN WHICH TO LOCATE THIS PRIMITIVE HUMAN BEFORE HE BECOMES LETHAL. HE HAS NO SKILLS TO SURVIVE HERE.

IF WE IMPOSE A CURFEW, THE CONSPIRACY THEORISTS WILL SURELY HAVE THE SPARK THEY NEED TO WHIP THE POPULATION INTO A FULL-BLOWN PANIC. THAT, WE CAN ALL AGREE, WOULD BE DISASTROUS.

AND SO WOULD SPREADING HIS GERM. THIS PLANET IS DYING FAST ENOUGH WITHOUT YOUR HELP, CRUCIFER.

THE ESCAPEE HAS ALREADY CONTAMINATED PARTS OF THIS CITY. AS WE SPEAK, WE ARE QUARANTINING THE CIVILIANS.

LEAVE IT TO ME, HIGH LORD. HE WILL BE FOUND, HIS TRACKS WILL BE SANITIZED, AND HE WILL BE RETURNED TO MY LAB FOR RE-EVALUATION.

YOU HAVE 48 HOURS, CRUCIFER. OR YOU WILL BE RE-EVALUATED.

I REQUEST JUST THREE DAYS, JUDGES OF THE TRIBUNAL.

LOCATION:
NEW ROME
POLICE H.Q.

CHIEF, IF I'M
TO DO MY JOB
THOROUGHLY, I
NEED ACCESS TO
EVERY POSSIBLE
LEAD.

SEEING THAT THE
PERP HAS TARGETED
ONLY CRUCIFER'S
WORKERS *QUALIFIES*
CRUCIFER AS A PRIME
SUSPECT.

ARE YOU
INSANE?!!



YOUR
ACTIONS ARE
GOING TO GET ME
CANNED, DETECTIVE
SPARROW. I WON'T
ALLOW THAT!

THEN I'LL
QUESTION HIM,
UNSANCTIONED. YOU
AND I NEVER HAD THIS
CONVERSATION. AND IF
A HEAD HAS TO ROLL,
LET IT BE MINE.

"UNSANCTIONED" MEANS IT'S
MY ASS ON THE LINE. IF I GET
CANNED, GOOD LUCK FINDING
ANOTHER JOB. I CAN'T COOK,
MY PEOPLE SKILLS SUCK, AND
I'D RATHER DIE THAN BE
FORCED INTO A HAREM.

INVESTIGATING
HUMAN CRIMES
IS MY LIFE. IT'S
WHO I AM.

IT'S ALSO ALL
I'M GOOD AT.

OUTSIDE LORD CRUCIFER'S CASTLE.

HAVE YOU NOTICED SOMETHING A BIT... OFF ABOUT THIS FUGITIVE'S PICTURE?



HE'S GOOD LOOKING?

I MEAN HIS EYES. THEY'RE NOT GREEN. THEY'RE NOT BROWN... BUT SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN.

THE COLOR IS HAZEL.

MAYBE HE'S BEEN TO THE BLACK MARKET AND HAD ALTERATIONS TO AVOID DETECTION.

THEY DON'T FARM HUMANS WITH HAZEL EYES. HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE HE GOT THEM?

BUT WHY JUST HIS EYES? WHY NOT HIS WHOLE FACE?

WE'LL INTERVIEW THE USUAL SUSPECTS. MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US WHO CHANGED HIS EYES. I'LL HEAD TO THE PRECINCT AND GET THE CHIEF TO REQUEST A WARRANT.

RUM-NUM-NUM-NUM-NUM

BADEEEEPH!!

GREAT. I'LL CONCENTRATE ON BEING POLITE.

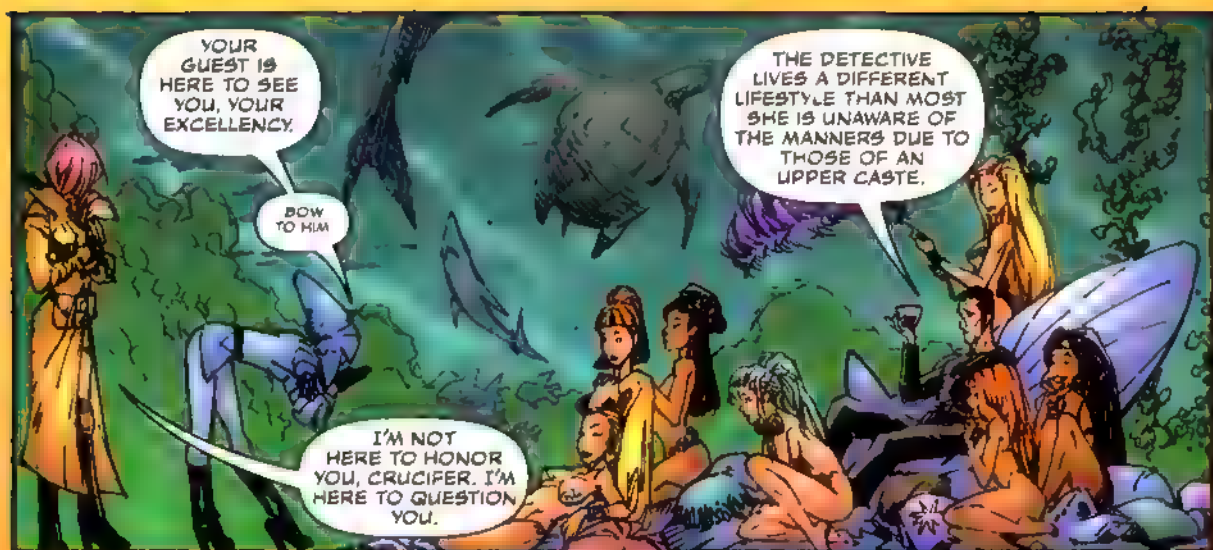
HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD CRUCIFER, WILL SEE YOU NOW, DETECTIVE SPARROW. HE HAS TAKEN TIME OUT FROM HIS MATING DUTIES TO SEE YOU, SO YOU MUST BE BRIEF.

IT IS ALSO REQUIRED THAT YOU REFER TO LORD CRUCIFER AS, "YOUR EXCELLENCY."

WHATEVER FLOATS HIS BOAT.

HIS EXCELLENCY NEVER TRAVELS BY BOAT.

DEE-DEE-DEE-DEE-DEE



YOUR
GUEST IS
HERE TO SEE
YOU, YOUR
EXCELLENCY.

BOW
TO HIM

THE DETECTIVE
LIVES A DIFFERENT
LIFESTYLE THAN MOST
SHE IS UNAWARE OF
THE MANNERS DUE TO
THOSE OF AN
UPPER CASTE.

I'M NOT
HERE TO HONOR
YOU, CRUCIFER. I'M
HERE TO QUESTION
YOU.



QUESTION
ME? HOW
AUDACIOUS! WHAT
PRECINCT AND
BUREAU DO YOU
WORK FOR?

MY NAME IS
DETECTIVE ALIA
SPARROW. I WORK FOR
THE HUMAN CRIMES
DIVISION OF NEW ROME.
I AM HERE TO QUESTION
YOU ABOUT THE
ABDUCTIONS OF
THREE OF YOUR
SLAVES.

WE SHALL
SPEAK PRIVATELY
COME, JOIN ME IN
MY AQUARIUM

"HIS EXCELLENCY" DIDN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I WAS INSINUATING: THAT SOMEONE HAD IT OUT FOR HIM AND WAS TRYING TO SEND A MESSAGE.

I HAVE MANY ENEMIES, DETECTIVE, BUT THEY SLITHER IN THE SHADOWS. SOME MAY SEEK TO HUMILIATE ME IN PUBLIC

HUMILIATE YOU?

I SUSPECT THE THERAN TERRORIST ORGANIZATION, "EXTINCTION FACTOR" MAY BE INVOLVED.

MANY NATIVE THERANS HAVE BECOME DISTRESSED AT THE POPULATION OF HUMANKIND. WE HUMANS REPRODUCE FIFTY TIMES FASTER THAN THEY CAN. THEY FEAR A REBELLION.

WE WILL SOON OUTNUMBER THEM. WOULDN'T YOU BE UPSET?

THE EXTINCTION FACTOR USUALLY KILLS SCORES OF HUMANS AT ONCE, GOING FOR SOFT TARGETS SUCH AS DINERS AND MARKETS. I CAN'T SEE WHAT THEY GAIN FROM INDIVIDUAL ABDUCTIONS

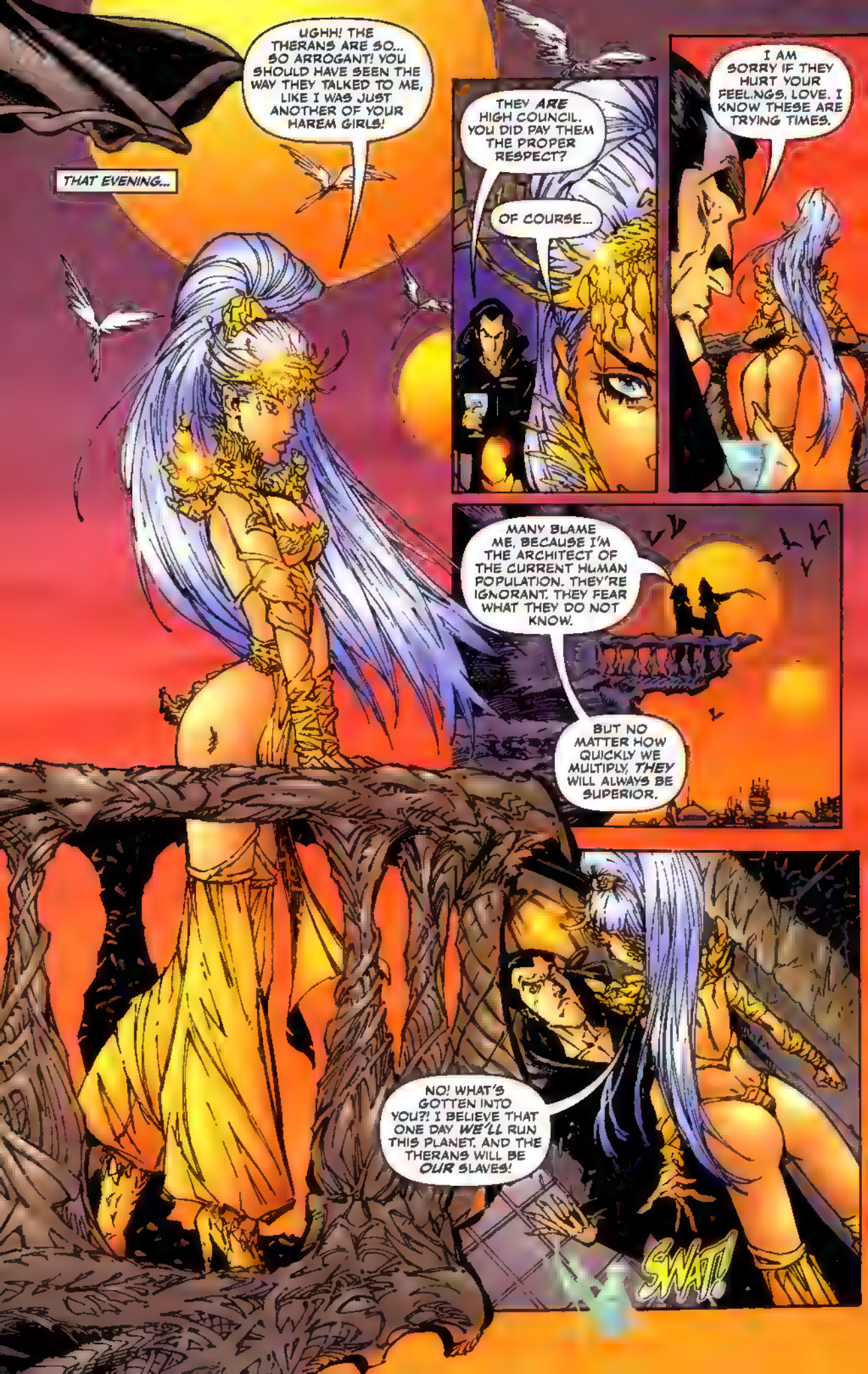
THAT, I CAN'T ANSWER

ONE LAST QUESTION: SPECIMEN NO. 818, WHO ESCAPED FROM YOUR FACILITY. I NOTICE HE HAS HAZEL EYES. HOW DID HE--

I MUST CUT YOU SHORT, DETECTIVE. PERHAPS WE CAN SCHEDULE ANOTHER MEETING, AFTER YOU CATCH THIS FUGITIVE 818. PERHAPS THEN WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF HIS UNIQUE EYE COLOR

MY GUARDS WILL SEE YOU OUT SAFELY

GWWII
GRRRRR



UGH! THE THERANS ARE SO... SO ARROGANT! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE WAY THEY TALKED TO ME, LIKE I WAS JUST ANOTHER OF YOUR HAREM GIRLS!

THAT EVENING...

THEY ARE HIGH COUNCIL. YOU DID PAY THEM THE PROPER RESPECT?

OF COURSE...

I AM SORRY IF THEY HURT YOUR FEELINGS, LOVE. I KNOW THESE ARE TRYING TIMES.

MANY BLAME ME, BECAUSE I'M THE ARCHITECT OF THE CURRENT HUMAN POPULATION. THEY'RE IGNORANT. THEY FEAR WHAT THEY DO NOT KNOW.

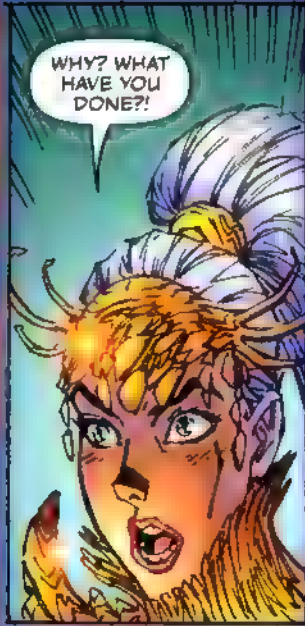
BUT NO MATTER HOW QUICKLY WE MULTIPLY, THEY WILL ALWAYS BE SUPERIOR.

NO! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?! I BELIEVE THAT ONE DAY WE'LL RUN THIS PLANET, AND THE THERANS WILL BE OUR SLAVES!

SWAT!



NO, MY PET.
THAT WILL NEVER
HAPPEN. I HAVE
MADE SURE OF
THAT.



WHY? WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?!



HUMANS HAVE THEIR
PLACE ON THIS PLANET.
BUT MY LOVE, I HAVE
NOT BEEN ENTIRELY
HONEST WITH YOU. I
AM MUCH MORE THAN
I APPEAR



YOU!
YOU'RE ONE
OF THEM!



AND NOT
ONLY HAVE YOU
SPOKEN TOO
MUCH--



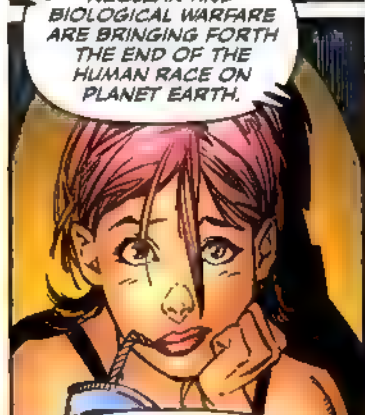
--BUT NOW
YOU'VE SEEN
TOO MUCH!



"MY POOR,
POOR 'LOVE'."



RECENT
NUCLEAR AND
BIOLOGICAL WARFARE
ARE BRINGING FORTH
THE END OF THE
HUMAN RACE ON
PLANET EARTH.



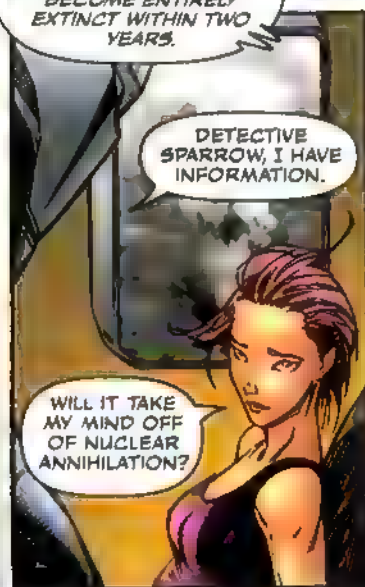
DISEASE AND
STARVATION GRIPPED
THE ENTIRE PLANET
JUST ONE YEAR AFTER
THE WARS STARTED.



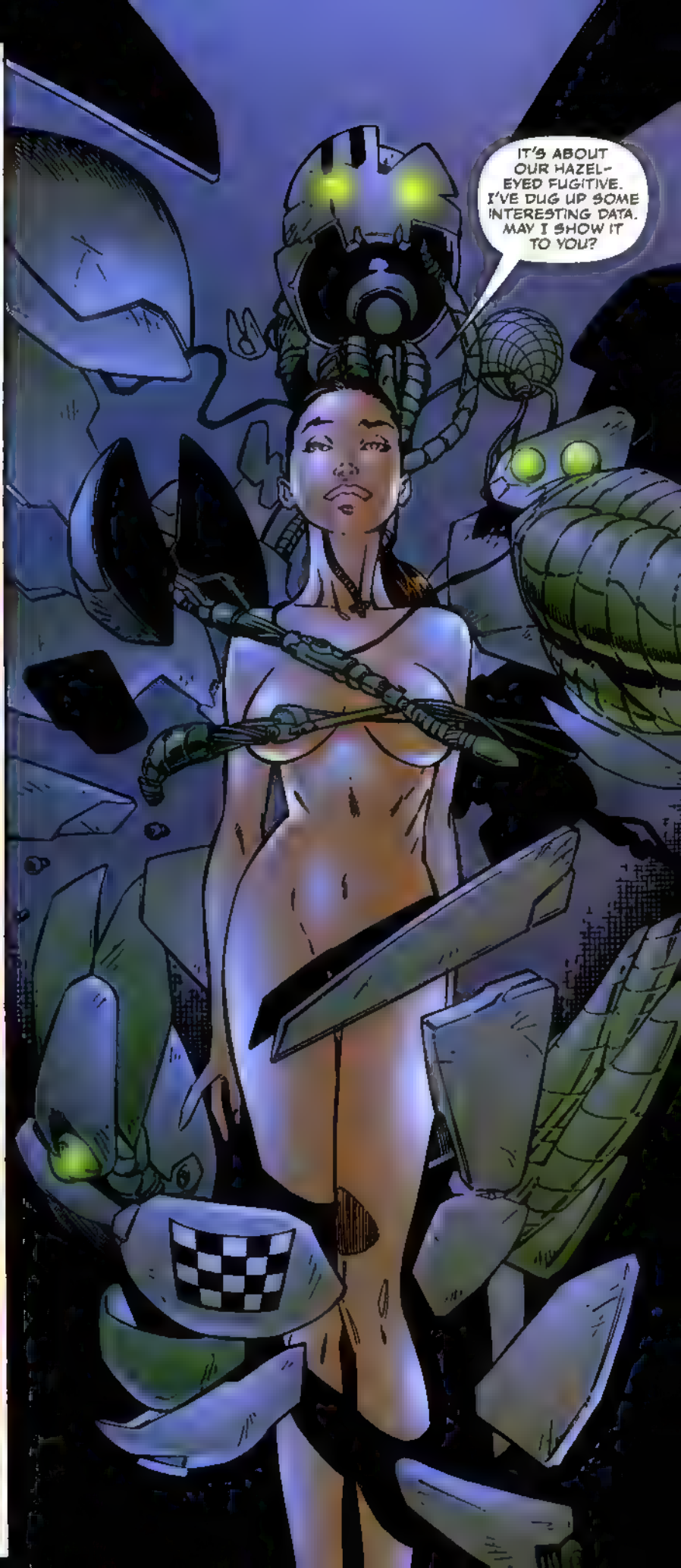
WHAT'S LEFT
OF LIFE ON THE
CONTAMINATED
PLANET IS EXPECTED TO
BECOME ENTIRELY
EXTINCT WITHIN TWO
YEARS.

JEEZ.

DETECTIVE
SPARROW, I HAVE
INFORMATION.



WILL IT TAKE
MY MIND OFF
OF NUCLEAR
ANNIHILATION?



IT'S ABOUT
OUR HAZEL-
EYED FUGITIVE.
I'VE DUG UP SOME
INTERESTING DATA.
MAY I SHOW IT
TO YOU?



I'VE CHECKED
EVERY DATABANK
GOING BACK TEN YEARS
AND FOUND NO
BACKGROUND ON THE
HUMANKIND THEY HAD IN
THE LAB DESIGNATED
818.

BEEP!
BEEP!

NO MEDICAL
RECORDS, NO
OFFICIAL TAGS, OR
REQUIRED
IMPLANTS.

BEEP!

Doop!

Doop!

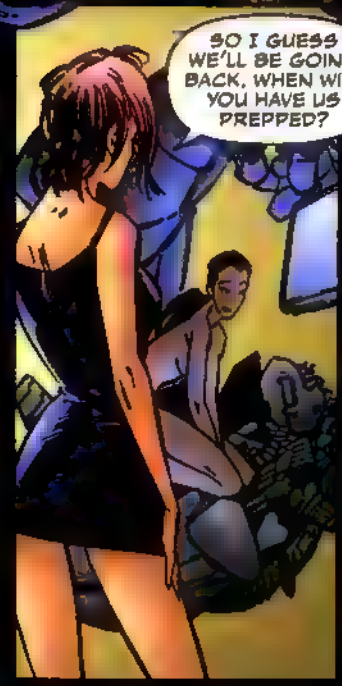
Doop!

BEEP!

SIMPLY PUT,
THE MAN
DOESN'T
EXIST.



MAYBE THE
BLACK MARKET'S
GETTING BETTER AT
MASKING IDENTITIES
OF FUGITIVES.



SO I GUESS
WE'LL BE GOING
BACK. WHEN WILL
YOU HAVE US
PREPPED?

IMMEDIATELY.

SIGH- TALL,
DARK, AND
HANDSOME... AND A
WANTED FUGITIVE, TOO
BAD WE MIGHT HAVE
TO KILL HIM.

TO BE CONTINUED IN
HUMANKIND #2!



The journey began nearly a year and a half ago. I was on a yearlong sabbatical where I studied and practiced the art of screenwriting. In order to keep the rust off of my drafting table, I started drumming up drawings of futuristic characters. Monsters. Aliens. Women. Heroes. Then the ideas started filtering in... and before the summer was over, I had a loose plot and a good idea for a new comic book—one that would be fun for me to draw, and fun for you to read and look at.

I named it *Humankind*.

The conflicts I wanted to write about were ones that are familiar to society as we know it. But I wanted a twist. I wanted to be able to write about slavery, for instance, without having to do a story from the 1800s. Everything that I want to touch on is here, on the planet Thera.

The series will unfold with more characters—some good, some evil. Some sexy, some ugly. You'll see a LOT more of Bruno next issue, and a bit of explanation as to just who—and what—Greta is. I am glad to introduce you to these characters. And over time, we'll get to a lot of them.

I hope you all enjoy the journey that starts here in the first issue of *Humankind*. But be warned: Once you begin the journey, there'll be no turning back.

Thank you.

Tony Daniel

TOP COW

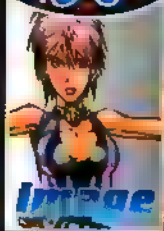
HUMAN KIND

Daniel Conrad Koric Dreamer

All Roads Lead To (New) Rome

Part 2 of 5

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2

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Tony
Salvatore

HUMANKIND #2

All Roads Lead to (New) Rome

Part 2 of 5

The planet Thera is just like Earth... gone horribly wrong. Thera has been monitoring Earth for decades, copying Earth's culture and commerce. The planet's brilliant geneticists have even created their own Earthlings, with Thera factories cranking out slave-class humans.

Detective Alia Sparrow is a factory-bred human herself, head of Thera's Human Crimes Bureau. When an actual human unwittingly lands on Thera, the delicate balance is upset. Alia Sparrow finds herself at the crossroads between her Thera masters... and the underclass Humankind.

LAST ISSUE: Astronaut Dr. Bruno Karloff has crash-landed on Thera. He is immediately captured and subjected to horrible experiments under the direction of Thera's evil geneticist, Crucifer. The experiments make Bruno transform into a giant, savage beast in moments of great stress.

Bruno escapes captivity, and the Thera government springs into action to retrieve him. Detective Alia Sparrow investigates possible links between Crucifer and a mysterious hazel-eyed human who shouldn't exist... a human who just might be Bruno Karloff.

Story and Pencils: Tony Daniel

Inks: Kevin Conrad

Colors: Richard and Tanya Horie

Design and Letters: Robin Spehar &
Dreamer Design's Dennis Heisler

Cover by: Tony Daniel and
Richard & Tanya Horie

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boards, previews
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NEW ROME.

I MADE GRETA ARRANGE A MEETING
WITH ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST
WANTED BLACK MARKETEERS, A
LOWLIFE REPTILE NAMED "OZARK".

HE'S THE ONE TO SEE IF
YOU WANT TO GET LOST
AND NEVER BE FOUND.

ON THE RARE OCCASION A
HUMAN FUGITIVE MAKES IT INTO
THE LAWLESS REGION KNOWN AS
THE DARK LANDS TO SEE HIM,
THAT'S WHEN I HAVE TO STEP IN.

I'M DETECTIVE ALIA SPARROW,
HEAD INVESTIGATOR OF THE HUMAN
CRIMES DIVISION FOR NEW ROME.

AND MY PARTNER IS GRETA.
SHE'S MY FACTORY-ISSUED
ENFORCER

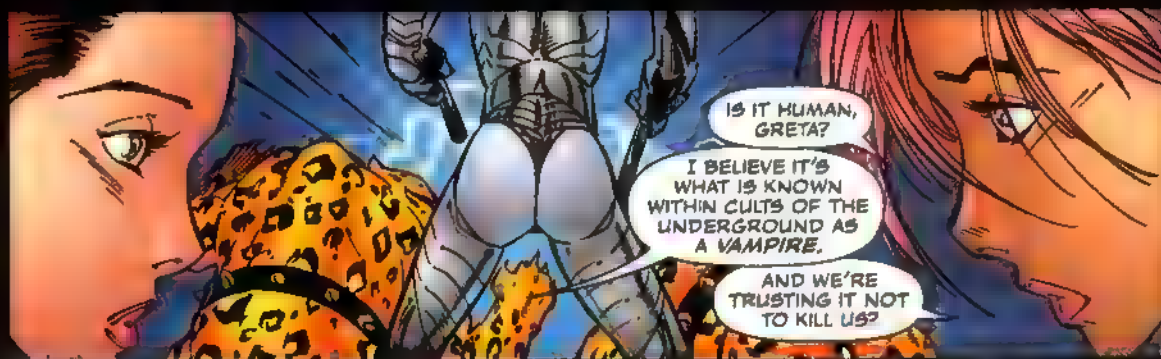
WELL, DETECTIVE
SPARROW, THIS IS THE
PLACE... THE AMALFI
DISTRICT. I DON'T SEE
ANY SIGN OF OZARK OR
HIS HENCHMEN.

UH... I
THINK THIS
IS US.



DETECTIVES
SPARROW AND
GRETA 109, PLEASE
DISMOUNT FROM YOUR
CYCLES AND SURRENDER
ANY WEAPONS BEFORE
BOARDING THE STAGE
COACH. YOU ARE
REQUIRED TO BRING
ABOARD OZARK'S
"FINDER'S FEE"
BEFORE WE BEGIN
THE TREK.

WE HAVE HIS
MONEY. JUS' GET
US THERE IN ONE
PIECE.



IS IT HUMAN,
GRETA?

I BELIEVE IT'S
WHAT IS KNOWN
WITHIN CULTS OF THE
UNDERGROUND AS
A VAMPIRE.

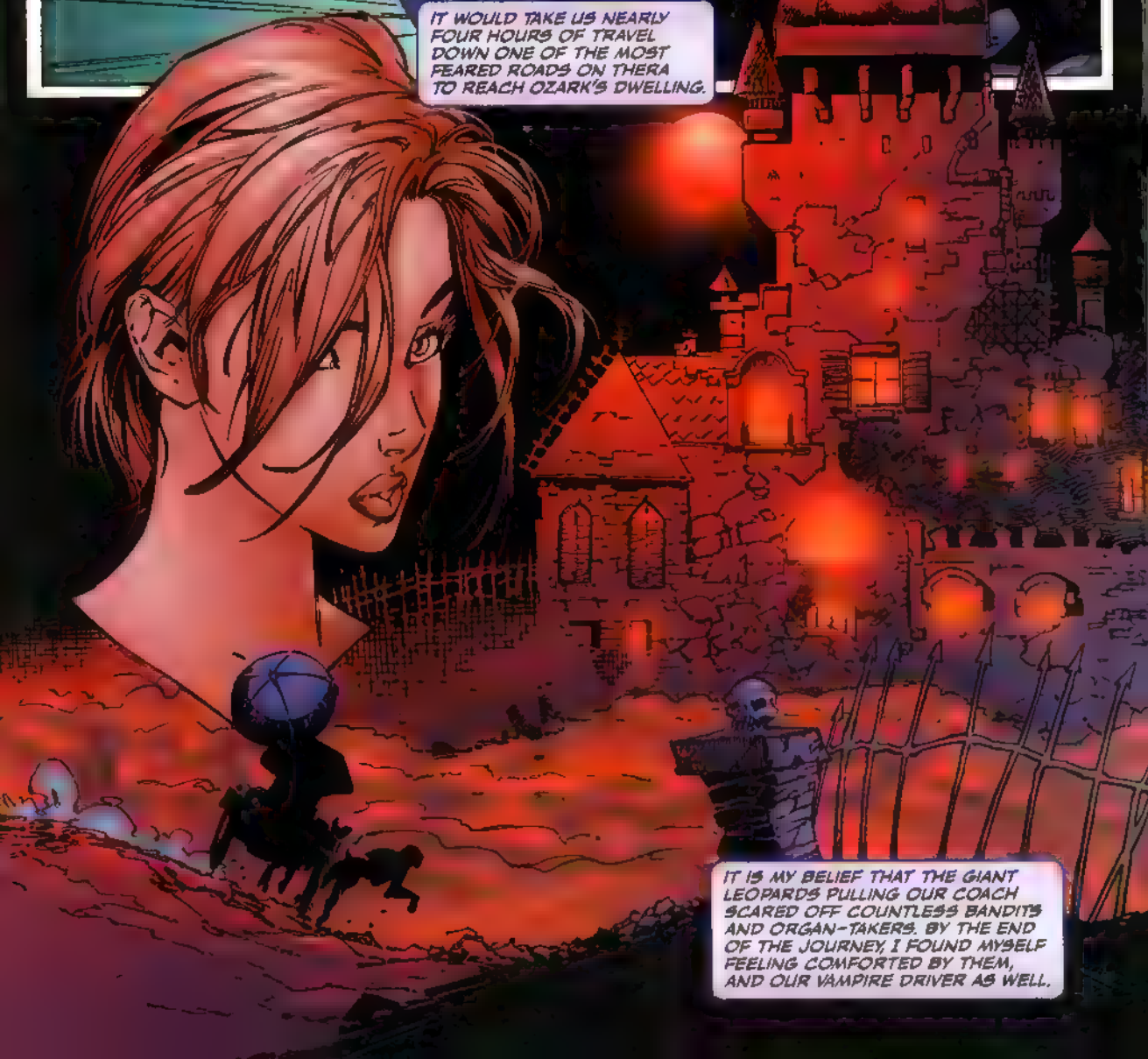
AND WE'RE
TRUSTING IT NOT
TO KILL US?



WELL, IT
WOULD ONLY KILL
YOU. I HAVE NO
BLOOD FOR IT
TO DRINK.

THAT'S
COMFORTING.

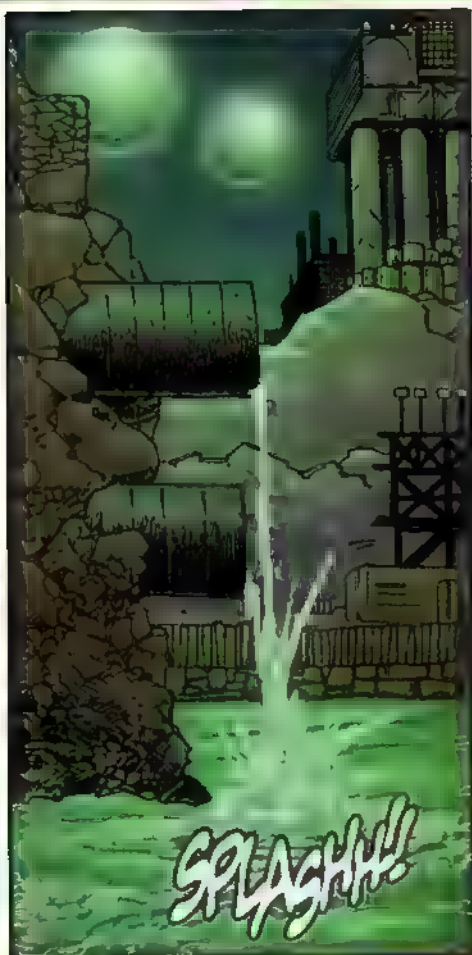
IT WOULD TAKE US NEARLY
FOUR HOURS OF TRAVEL
DOWN ONE OF THE MOST
FEARED ROADS ON THERA
TO REACH OZARK'S DWELLING.



IT IS MY BELIEF THAT THE GIANT
LEOPARDS PULLING OUR COACH
SCARED OFF COUNTLESS BANDITS
AND ORGAN-TAKERS. BY THE END
OF THE JOURNEY, I FOUND MYSELF
FEELING COMFORTED BY THEM,
AND OUR VAMPIRE DRIVER AS WELL.

ELSEWHERE...

FREE!



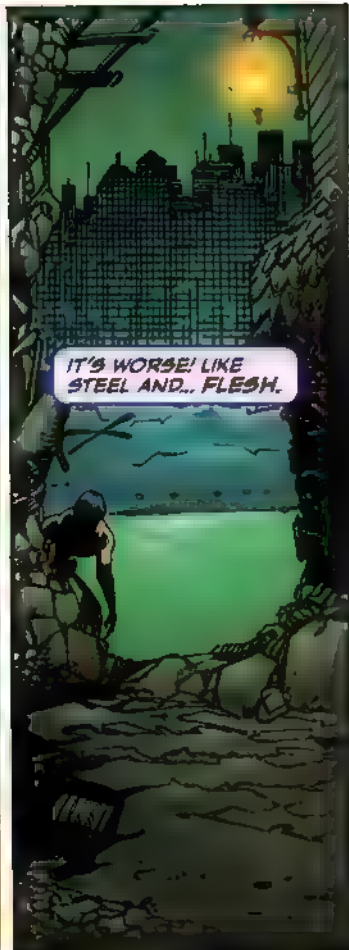
SPLASH!!

DRIP! DRIP! DRIP!



Factories. But what are they producing here? The pollution reminds me of the great steel mills of Magnitogorsk, back in Russia. But this smell...

IT'S WORSE! LIKE STEEL AND... FLESH.



FIRST THINGS FIRST. GET SOME CLOTHES TO PROTECT ME FROM THE ELEMENTS. THE TEMPERATURE HAS DROPPED RAPIDLY AND I HAVE TO STAVE OFF HYPOTHERMIA.

ONE MAN'S TRASH IS ANOTHER MAN'S TREASURE.



GREAT
GOD!

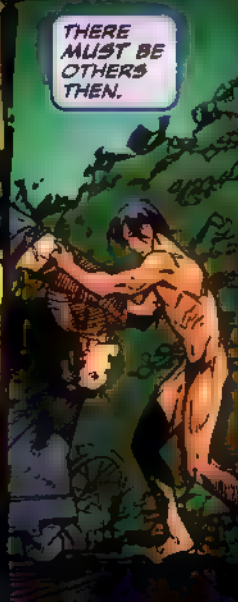


A HUMAN.



SO I'M
NOT ALONE.

THERE
MUST BE
OTHERS
THEN.



I MUST FIND
THEM. MAYBE
I CAN GET HELP.



KRUNCH!



CRACK!

AHG!

DEEP IN THE
LABYRINTH
OF CRUCIFER'S
LABORATORY.

CONFESS
NOW, EMILIO, AND
I'LL HAVE MERCY
ON YOU AND
YOUR FAMILY.

PLEASE, LORD
CRUCIFER! MY
FAMILY HAD NOTHING
TO DO WITH MY
BETRAYAL!

BUT THEY DID.
THEY SPAWNED YOU.
NOW, TELL ME WHAT
YOU GAVE HIM. WHAT
MADE HIM TURN INTO
THAT THING?

I INCREASED
HIS GENE THERAPY
DOSAGE.

BY HOW
MUCH?

-GULP!
3-BY FIVE
HUNDRED
TIMES USUAL
STRENGTH!

FOOL! DO
YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE UNLEASHED
UPON US?!

OUR
EXTINCTION!

FORGIVE
ME!

YAAAAA!

STATE
YOUR NAMES,
PLEASE.

DETECTIVE ALIA
SPARROW

GRETA 109
ENFORCER
SERIES.

YOU TWO ARE
JUST DARLING. I
HATE TO EVEN GIVE
YOU A RETINA SCAN,
BUT THE BOSS
INSISTS.

ZZZZHHHFF!

CLAK!

IT'S SO
NICE TO SEE
THE TWO OF
YOU AGAIN.
ESPECIALLY YOU,
DETECTIVE
SPARROW. HOW
I WISH I WERE A
LITTLE BIT TALLER
AND A TAD
YOUNGER.

AND A TAD
CUTER.

I'M AN
ACQUIRED
TASTE, MY
LITTLE GEAR
SHAFT. ~~ZAHME~~
OZARK, YOUR
GUESTS...

DETECTIVE
SPARROW, IT'S ALWAYS
A PLEASURE... AND THAT'S
NOT ONLY BECAUSE I
GROW WEALTHIER WITH
EACH VISIT.

I'M AFRAID THE
INFORMATION I HAVE
FOR YOU WILL LEAD
YOU TO TRAGEDY.

LAY IT ON
ME, OZARK.



SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, A STRANGE MAN CAME INTO CRUCIFER'S GENETIC RESTRUCTURING LAB. MY INSIDER, EMILIO, BELIEVES THE MAN TO BE AN AUTHENTIC HUMAN... FROM EARTH.

EMILIO WITNESSED COUNTLESS SESSIONS OF AGONIZING CELLULAR REGENERATION. HE WAS SOMEHOW MESMERIZED BY THIS MAN.

THE EARTHLING TOOK ADVANTAGE OF EMILIO, TELLING HIM STORIES OF HIS HOMELAND. IN TIME, EMILIO CAME TO CARE FOR HIM.

THEY STAYED UP MANY LATE NIGHTS TALKING ABOUT EARTH-- ABOUT HOW IT ISN'T AS BAD AS WE'RE ALL TOLD IT IS BY THE GOVERNMENT. HE MADE EMILIO BELIEVE THESE CONSPIRACIES!



SOON THEIR
BOND WAS
UNBREAKABLE.

AND AFTER
SEVERAL MORE
MONTHS, THEY
DEVELOPED A PLAN
TO ESCAPE.

EMILIO WOULD
ENABLE HIM TO BREAK
FREE FROM HIS
INCARCERATION, BUT FIRST
HE WOULD RETRIEVE HIS
CLOTHING AND WHATEVER
COMMUNICATIONS GEAR
HE COULD FIND.

WHEREVER HE
ESCAPED TO, HE'S
NOT WEARING HIS
CLOTHES.



"AN ORGAN SCOUT CLAIMED TO HAVE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED IN THE ACT OF MURDERING ONE OF MY VERY OWN TRADERS. HE WAS FLOWN TO MOUNT JUPITER TO FACE THE CHARGES IN COURT."

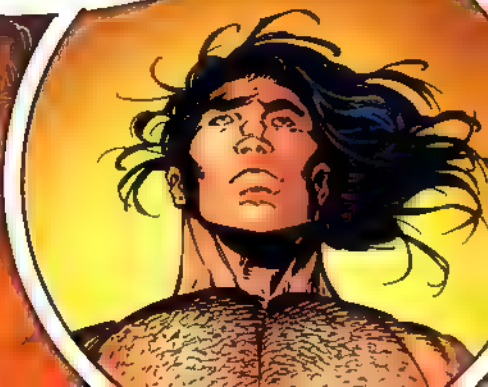
"HE WAS GIVEN A FAIR TRIAL AND BEAT THE MURDER RAP, BUT WAS FOUND GUILTY OF SCAVENGING OFF THE DEAD."



"HE WAS SENTENCED TO A GAME OF DEATH IN THE COLISEUM."



"HE'LL LIKELY BE SLAUGHTERED THERE. HE'S NO MATCH FOR THE ATROCITIES HE'LL FACE."



"AND NOW, FOR THE TRAGIC NEWS, A HUMAN WITH HAZEL-COLORED EYES WAS JUST REPORTED CAPTURED BY BLACK MARKETEERS JUST OUTSIDE THE INDUSTRIAL ZONE."

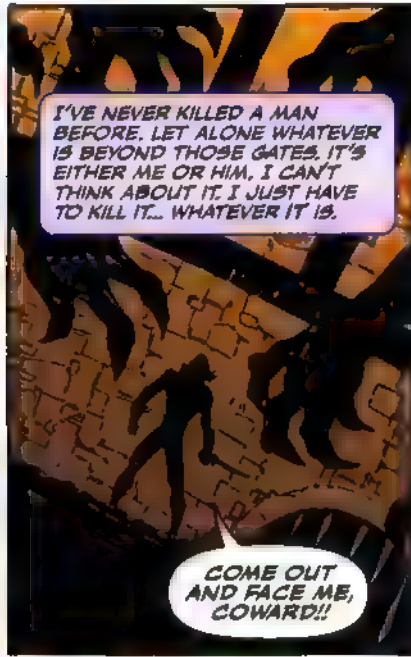
"WHA... WHERE THE HELL?!"

"IF YOU WANT HIM
ALIVE, YOUR TIME
IS RUNNING OUT."





HUH. I GUESS
BARBARISM
TRANSCENDS
CULTURE AND
EVEN SPECIES,
NO MATTER
HOW ADVANCED
THE SOCIETY.



I'VE NEVER KILLED A MAN
BEFORE. LET ALONE WHATEVER
IS BEYOND THOSE GATES. IT'S
EITHER ME OR HIM. I CAN'T
THINK ABOUT IT. I JUST HAVE
TO KILL IT... WHATEVER IT IS.

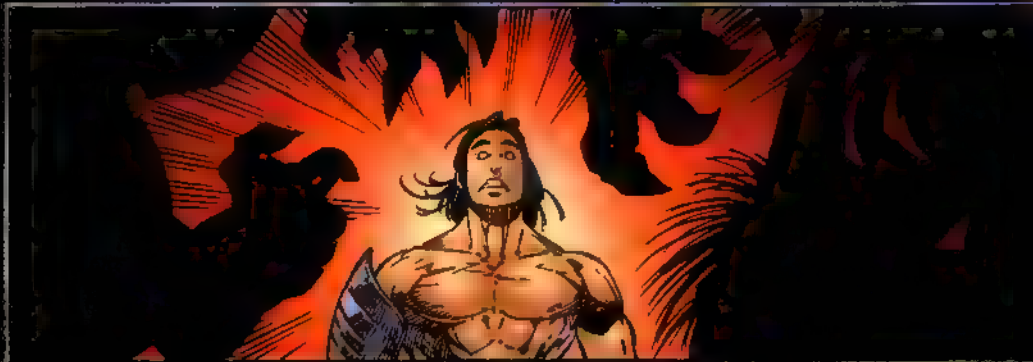
COME OUT
AND FACE ME,
COWARD!!



NO. I--
I CAN'T
KILL...



...CHILDREN?!?!





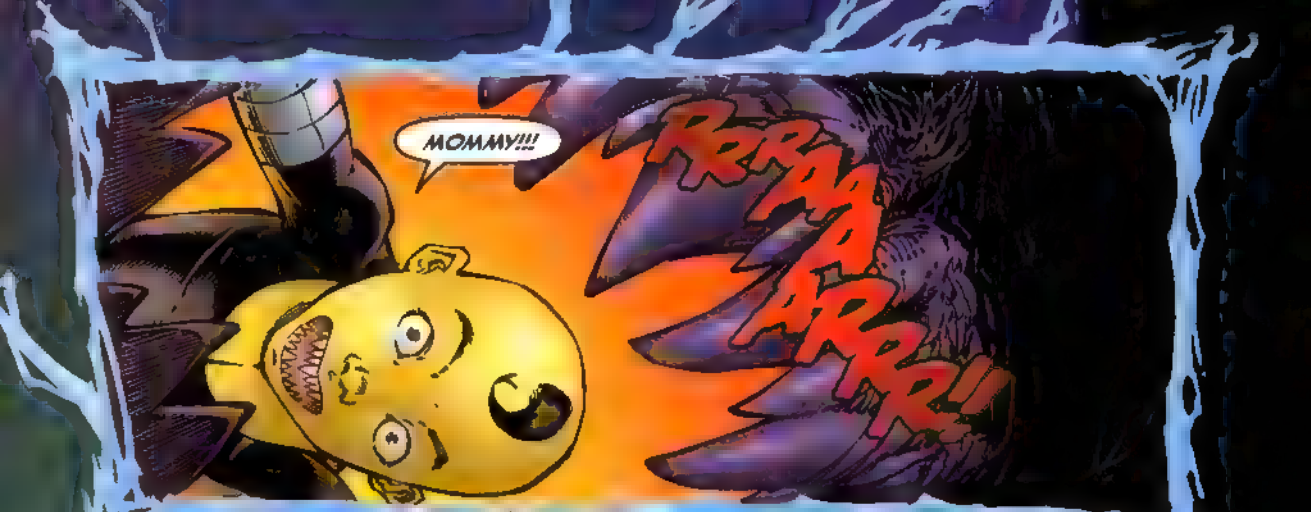
TEETH!! LIKE RAZORS!!

YAAARGH!!

RAAACH!!

NO! NOT AGAIN! NOT NOW! HE'LL SHOW NO MERCY!

Nooooo!!



FUGITIVE NUMBER
818, I AM TAKING YOU
INTO CUSTODY FOR
SUSPICION OF CARRYING A
HARMFUL GERM. YOU WILL BE
TRANSPORTED BACK TO NEW
ROME WHERE YOU WILL BE
QUARANTINED AND
PUNISHED ACCORDING
TO THE LAW.



CRUCIFER'S HAREM.

LORD
CRUCIFER, I HAVE
AN IMPORTANT
MESSAGE FROM
THE HIGH LORD.

VERY WELL.
PRODUCE HIM
FOR ME.



AT ONCE.

WHOOOSH!!

I SEE YOU'RE
HARD AT WORK
AGAIN, CRUCIFER.
I'LL BE BRIEF.





YOU ARE A
VERY LUCKY MAN.
FUGITIVE 818 HAS
BEEN FOUND.

BRILLIANT.
WHEN CAN
I EXPECT
HIM?

DON'T. THE COUNCIL
HAS DECIDED THAT HE
IS TOO DANGEROUS AN
EXPERIMENT TO TRANSPORT.
I'M INTERCEPTING HIM AND
HIS ESCORTS IN THE DEAD
ZONE WHERE HE'LL BE
DISPOSED OF SAFELY.

BUT MY
HARD WORK!
YOU CANNOT
DO THIS--!

BE THANKFUL
YOU'RE STILL IN
BUSINESS,
CRUCIFER.

A SAMPLE OF HIS
BLOOD WILL BE
BROUGHT TO YOU SO YOU
CAN CONTINUE YOUR STUDIES
IN THE PLAGUE. BUT THIS MAN
HAS ALREADY OUTSMARTED YOU
ONCE. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO
LET IT HAPPEN TWICE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVE TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE "DEAD ZONE."

THE CHIEF CLAIMS "HOSTILE ACTIVITY" HAS FLARED UP IN THE LAST FEW HOURS

MORE HOSTILE THAN SHORT-CUTTING THROUGH THE DEAD ZONE? PUH-LEASE!

YOU BELIEVE ANY OF THAT STUFF OZARK WAS TELLING US? ABOUT THIS ONE REALLY BEING FROM EARTH AND ALL?

SINCE WHEN ARE WE TRUSTING THE WORD OF OZARK? WHEN SOMEONE WE BOTH TRUST TELLS US HE'S THE GENUINE ARTICLE, THEN MAYBE I'LL GIVE IT A THOUGHT.

WHO DO YOU TRUST?

THE CHIEF. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I TRUST NO ONE.

TO BE CONTINUED



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HUMAN KIND



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All Roads Lead
To (New) Rome
Part 3 of 5

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HUMANKIND #3

All Roads Lead to (New) Rome

Part 3 of 5

The planet Thera is just like Earth... gone horribly wrong. Thera has been monitoring Earth for decades, copying Earth's culture and commerce. The planet's brilliant geneticists have even created their own Earthlings, with Theran factories cranking out slave-class humans.

Detective Alla Sparrow is a factory-bred human herself, head of Thera's Human Crimes Bureau. When an actual human unwittingly lands on Thera, the delicate balance is upset. Alla Sparrow finds herself at the crossroads between her Theran masters... and the underclass Humankind.

LAST ISSUE: Astronaut Bruno Karloff has crash-landed on Thera, where he is subjected to horrible experiments under the direction of Thera's evil geneticist, Crucifer. The experiments make Bruno transform into giant, savage beast in moments of great stress. Bruno escapes captivity, but is accused of murder and sentenced to a Game of Death in the Coliseum.

Detective Alla Sparrow, investigating possible links between Crucifer and Bruno, journeys deep into Thera's Dark Lands. She and her sidekick Greta find Bruno in beast form fighting a fierce battle at the Coliseum. Taken into custody by Sparrow, the trio head back to New Rome, unaware of what the Theran government really has planned for them.

Story and Pencils: Tony Daniel

Inks: Kevin Conrad

Colors: Richard and Tanya Horie

Design and Letters: Robin Spehar &
Dreamer Design's Dennis Heisler

Cover by: Tony Daniel and
Richard & Tanya Horie

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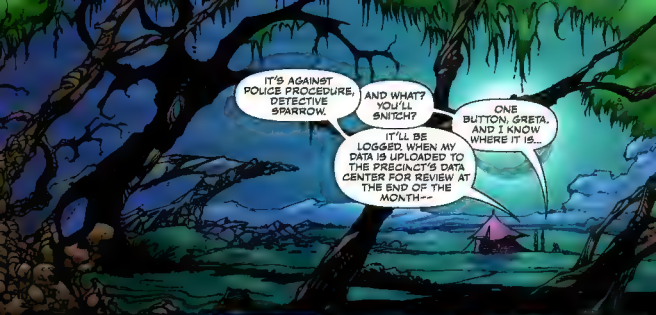
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THE
DARK
LANDS

WE
SHOULD
FEED HIM.



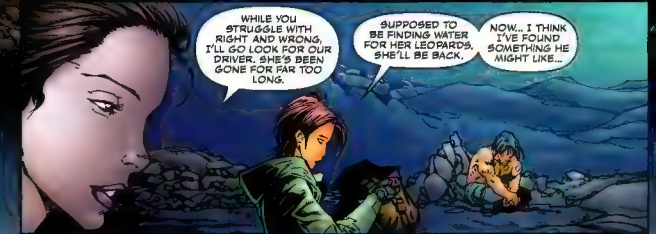


IT'S AGAINST
POLICE PROCEDURE,
DETECTIVE
SPARROW.

AND WHAT?
YOU'LL
SNITCH?

ONE
BUTTON, GRETA.
AND I KNOW
WHERE IT IS...

IT'LL BE
LOGGED WHEN MY
DATA IS UPLOADED TO
THE PRECINCT'S DATA
CENTER FOR REVIEW AT
THE END OF THE
MONTH--



WHILE YOU
STRUGGLE WITH
RIGHT AND WRONG,
I'LL GO LOOK FOR OUR
DRIVER. SHE'S BEEN
GONE FOR FAR TOO
LONG.

SUPPOSED TO
BE FINDING WATER
FOR HER LEOPARD'S.
SHE'LL BE BACK.

NOW... I THINK
I'VE FOUND
SOMETHING HE
MIGHT LIKE...



A MEAT LOVERS'
SPECIAL SOUND
APPETIZING?

YOU'RE
KIDDING
ME?

I'D RATHER
STARVE TO
DEATH.



HE'S JUST
HELPED YOU
MAKE THE RIGHT
DECISION,
DETECTIVE.

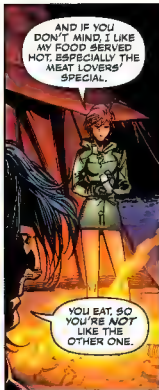
STAY CLOSE,
GRETA.
REMEMBER,
WE HAVE NO
WEAPONS
HERE.

I KNOW.
THAT'S WHY I
INCREASED THE
SHORT RANGE
VOLTAGE ON OUR
CAPTIVE'S
RESTRAINTS.



I DON'T
LIKE TO
WASTE
FOOD.

WHOA!



AND IF YOU
DON'T MIND, I LIKE
MY FOOD SERVED
HOT, ESPECIALLY THE
MEAT LOVERS'
SPECIAL.

YOU EAT, SO
YOU'RE NOT
LIKE THE
OTHER ONE.

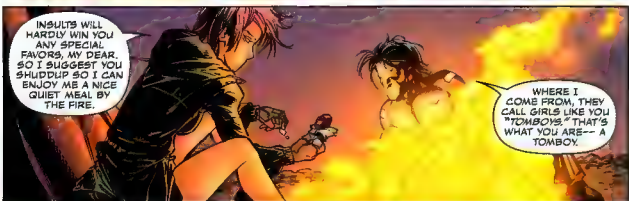


SHE'S A
ROBOT, AND
WHAT ARE
YOU?

I'M A
FREAKIN'
HUMAN,
WISE-ASS.

WITH THE
MOUTH OF
A SAILOR.

OF COURSE
NOT. GRETA'S AN
ENFORCER.



INSULTS WILL
HARDLY WIN YOU
ANY SPECIAL
FAVORS, MY DEAR.
SO I SUGGEST YOU
SHUDDUP SO I CAN
ENJOY ME A NICE
QUIET MEAL BY
THE FIRE.

WHERE I
COME FROM, THEY
CALL GIRLS LIKE YOU
"TOMBOYS." THAT'S
WHAT YOU ARE-- A
TOMBOY.



SAVE YOUR
STRANGE TALES.
I'M NOT AN
IHOR.

A WHAT?

THE SPECIES
WHO HELPED YOU
ESCAPE FROM YOUR
QUARANTINE, AN IHOR.
ANYWAY, THEY'RE THE
GULLIBLE SORT.

WHERE
DID YOU GO,
LITTLE
VAMPIRE
GIRL?





SOME KIND OF
GIANT REPTILE
CROSSED WITH AN
INSECT!!

DON'T ANALYZE IT!
RUN FROM IT! AND STAY
CLOSE! YOUR RESTRAINTS WILL
GIVE YOU A JOLT TO REMEMBER
IF YOU LEAVE AN EIGHT FOOT
PERIMETER OF ME!

SEKREEECK!!

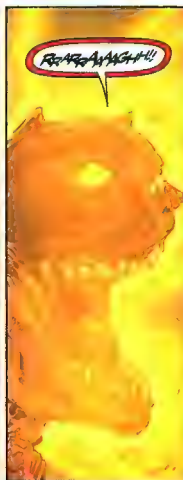
THWNNWKK!

GRET-AAAA!

CRACK!

THWNNWKK!

OOOOMP!!!



BA-DOOM!

SKREEEE

THE
ELECTRICITY--
IT'S DRAWING THE
BEAST TO ME.

YAAAAA AAAA!!!

OKAY, SLUG--
TIME TO LET THE
LADY GO!

BA-DOOM!

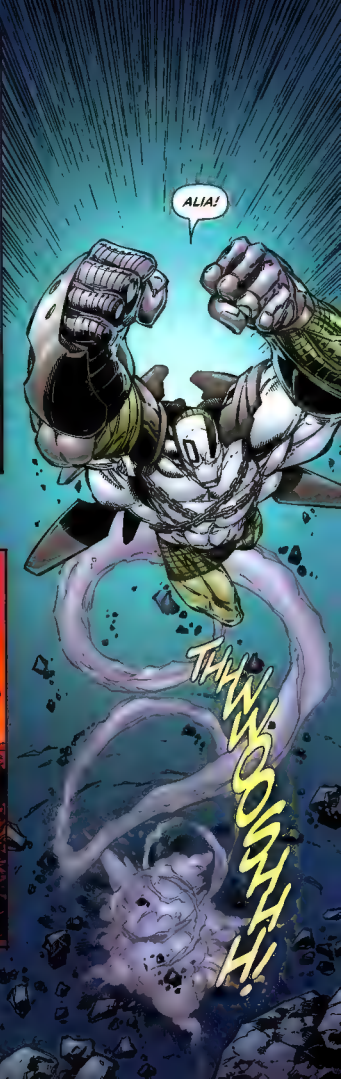
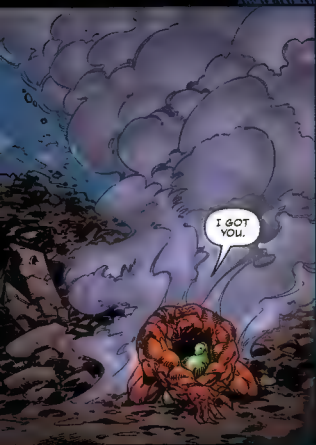
BA-DOOM!

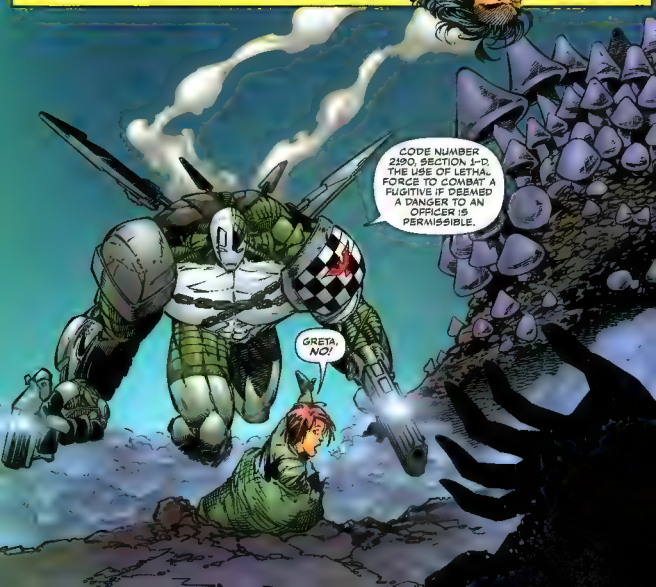
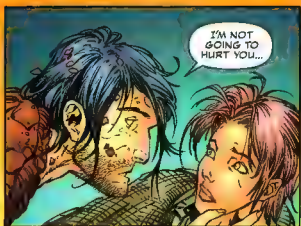
BA-DOOM!

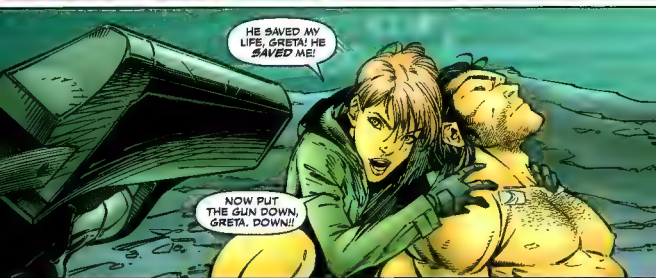
HELP!

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'M
DOING BUT
WHATEVER IT IS...
IT WORKED!

I GOT YOU--
I GOT YOU...









OKAY,
STAY CLOSE.

WHIRR
CLAK
CLAK

SKEEK!

THOOM!
THOOM!
THOOM!

OK, SECOND
THOUGHT, BETTER
GAME SOME ROOM
TO OPERATE.

SCREEAAAAAK!

THOOM!

THOOM!
THOOM!

THOOM!

THOOM!

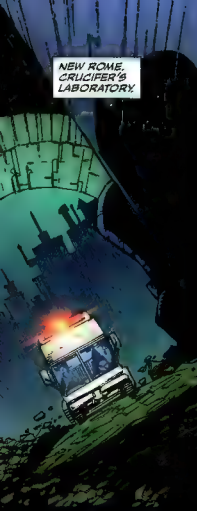
THOOM!

THOOM!

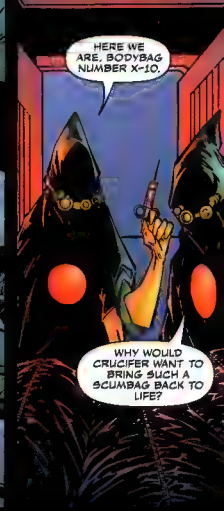
SCREEAK!
SCREEAK!



WE'D BETTER
KEEP MOVING. THE
REST OF THE HIVE
CAN'T BE TOO FAR
BEHIND.



NEW ROME,
CRUCIFER'S
LABORATORY



HERE WE
ARE, BODYBAG
NUMBER X-10.

WHY WOULD
CRUCIFER WANT TO
BRING SUCH A
SCUMBAG BACK TO
LIFE?



MAYBE
CRUCIFER THINKS HE
DESERVES A MUCH
MORE APPROPRIATE
DEATH THAN HE GOT
OFF WITH. SLOW AND
MERCILESS...



OOOOHHH.
SOMEONE GIVE
ME A DRINK.



THIS HUNK OF
MEAT WAS ONE OF
THE MOST PROLIFIC
HITMEN CIVILIZATION
HAS EVER KNOWN.

LATER, IN CRUCIFER'S
SUB-BASEMENT LAIR...

HEY... ANYONE
AROUND THAT CAN
TELL ME WHERE THE
HELL I AM?

YOU'RE
NOT IN HELL,
AVATOR... AND
NEITHER ARE
YOU IN
HEAVEN.

LORD
CRUCIFER!

WELCOME BACK
TO THE LIVING. IF YOU'D
LIKE TO STAY LIVING, I
SUGGEST YOU LISTEN
TO MY OFFER.

AN OFFER I
CAN'T REFUSE
THEN.

I WANT THE TOP THREE
MEMBERS OF THE HIGH
COUNCIL EXTERMINATED.
NOT AN EASY TASK FOR
YOUR AVERAGE HITMAN.

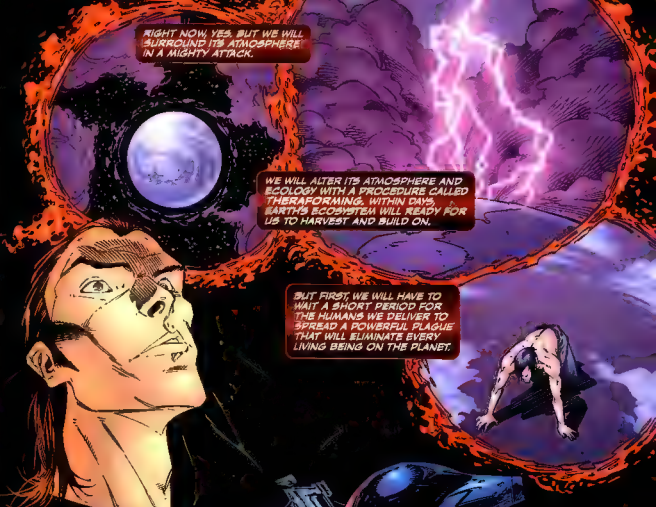
THE HIGH
COUNCIL, THAT'S
SOME JOB. BUT I
LIKE TO KNOW WHY
I KILL MY
TARGETS.

AND SO I
SHALL TELL
YOU.

THERE IS A PLANET
FAR AWAY CALLED EARTH.
WE INTEND TO MAKE IT OUR
NEW HOME. CURRENTLY, IT'S
INHABITED... BY HUMANS. THESE
HUMANS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO VIRUS
AND DISEASE. WE'VE HELPED
HUMANS COLONIZE *THIS* PLANET
THROUGH A FARMING SYSTEM
THAT I HAVE PERFECTED.

BUT SOON THE
HUMANS YOU SEE HERE IN
THIS LABYRINTH WILL BE
READY FOR LIFE. AND THEY WILL
BE READY TO CARRY DISEASE TO
THE HUMANS ON EARTH. THIS
DISEASE WILL DESTROY THE
ENTIRE SPECIES, BUT LEAVE
THEIR PLANET LIVABLE FOR
MY KIND.

BUT THE
PLANET ITSELF...
IT'S ALIEN.



RIGHT NOW, YES. BUT WE WILL SURROUND ITS ATMOSPHERE IN A MIGHTY ATTACK.

WE WILL ALTER ITS ATMOSPHERE AND ECOLOGY WITH A PROCEDURE CALLED THERAFORMING. WITHIN DAYS, EARTH'S ECOSYSTEM WILL BE READY FOR US TO HARVEST AND BUILD ON.

BUT FIRST, WE WILL HAVE TO WAIT A SHORT PERIOD FOR THE HUMANS WE DELIVER TO SPREAD A POWERFUL PLAGUE THAT WILL ELIMINATE EVERY LIVING BEING ON THE PLANET.



SOUNDS COOL BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M A HUMAN.

ONE WHO WILL BE REWARDED WITH GREAT RICHES AND POWER AND OF COURSE THAT BRINGS US BACK TO THE MEMBERS OF THE HIGH COUNCIL WHO STAND IN MY WAY.

WHEN DO YOU WANT IT DONE?

IMMEDIATELY. YOUR STEALTH SUIT AND WEAPONS AWAIT YOU.

WITH ALL OUR MONEY
GONE TO CLANK FOR
HIS INFORMATION, WE
HAD TO GET CREATIVE
IN ORDER TO PROPERLY
BRIBE THE PIRATES OF
THE DEAD SEA.

SQUAWK

GRETA'S BUILT-IN
NAVIGATIONAL
SYSTEM WOULD
APPEAL TO MEN
WHO STILL USED
THE STARS AND
THE MOON FOR
CHARTING THEIR
COURSES.

THEY AGREED TO
LET US SHOW OUR
PROWNER BELOW
DECK... AFTER A
LENGTHY DEBATE
ON WHY WE
SHOULDN'T JUST
TRY HIM
ACCORDING TO
PRIVATE LAW.

THOUGH I'M SURE OUR CAPTIVE
WILL DIE EITHER WAY I'M IN
CHARGE OF MAKING SURE THE
RIGHT PEOPLE KILL HIM.

I'M TRYING TO IGNORE THE
THOUGHTS THAT KEEP
CREEPING INTO MY HEAD:
THAT WE WERE SET UP,
THAT THE JOURNEY
THROUGH THE DARK LANDS
WAS A DEATH TRAP.

DETECTIVE
SPARROW, YOUR
DECISION NOT TO NOTIFY
THE OFFICE OF OUR STATUS IS
IN VIOLATION OF POLICE CODE
2219-046-X. I MUST
RECOMMEND THAT YOU ALLOW
ME TO TRANSMIT A DISTRESS
SIGNAL, SO WE CAN BE
PROPERLY TRANSPORTED
BACK TO NEW RHINE
HEADQUARTERS.

YOU'VE TOLD
ME THAT SIX
TIMES, GRETA.
PLEASE... GIVE IT
A REST.

I DON'T
NEED REST. I'M
NOT DUE FOR A
RECHARGE
UNTIL--

THEN FIND A
PLACE TO SIT AND
TURN YOURSELF OFF
FOR A FEW HOURS.
IT'S CALLED CAT-
NAPPING. YOU MIGHT
ENJOY IT.

I'LL LEAVE YOU
TO YOURSELF, IF
THAT'S WHAT YOU
WANT. BUT I DON'T
RECOMMEND IT.
PIRATES ARE
KNOWN TO--

HAVE A GOOD
TIME ONCE IN A WHILE,
AND YOU KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE THEY'RE FREE. FREE
FROM OBLIGATION, FREE FROM
THE RULES A SUPERIOR KIND
HAS PLACED ON THEM TO
SUPPRESS THEM... TO
KEEP THEM DOWN.

THESE MEN ARE
OUTLAWS AND IF
CAPTURED BY THE COAST
GUARD THEY'LL ALL BE
EXTERMINATED.

OR MAYBE EVEN
FED TO THE
GUNMATS?

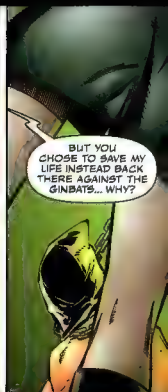


IT'S ALL
RIGHT. IT'S
ME.

CREA-AAK!

AS OPPOSED
TO SOMEONE
WHO WANTS TO
KILL ME?

YOU
COULD HAVE
FLED.



BUT YOU
CHOSE TO SAVE MY
LIFE INSTEAD BACK
THERE AGAINST THE
GINBATS... WHY?



BECAUSE
WHERE I COME
FROM, WHEN SOMEONE
IS IN DANGER, WE TRY TO
HELP THEM. NOT
EVERYONE DOES... BUT
MOST GOOD
PEOPLE.

AND SO YOU
CONSIDER
YOURSELF "GOOD
PEOPLE?"

MATTER OF
FACT, I DO. THAT'S
WHY I'M NOT AFRAID OF
WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE
GOING TO MAKE SURE IS
DONE TO ME. I'M A
GOD-FEARING MAN.

"GOD?"
EXPLAIN
GOD TO
ME.

NO ONE CAN
EXPLAIN GOD. HE'S
THE CREATOR OF
EVERYTHING. OUR
UNIVERSE.



CRUCIFER
CREATED HUMANKIND
ON THIS PLANET. NOT
SOME GOD.

WELL, I'M NOT
A THEOLOGIAN.
JUST A HUMAN
BEING WHO HAS
FAITH IN WHAT HE
BELIEVES.

FAITH?

JUST...
KNOWING IT'S
THERE... EVEN
THOUGH YOU CAN'T
TOUCH IT, SMELL IT,
OR SEE IT.

BELIEVING
WITHOUT
SCIENTIFIC
PROOF.





DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, AS SHE EXPLAINED TO YOU-- I CANNOT DEVIATE FROM ORDERS, EVER.

YOU--
DID YOU
KILL HER?

IT WOULD
BE A SUITABLE
PUNISHMENT FOR
TREASON.

LET'S GO. A
MILITARY TRANSPORT
VEHICLE IS APPROACHING.
WE'LL BE FLOWN BACK TO
NEW ROME WHERE YOU'LL BE
QUARANTINED AND DEALT
WITH AS DEEMED
APPROPRIATE BY THE
RESPONSIBLE
AUTHORITY..

...AND
DETECTIVE
SPARROW WILL BE
TRIED FOR HER
TREASON.

TO BE
CONTINUED..

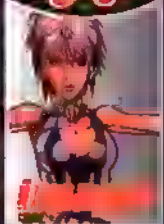
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Daniel Conrad Horie Dreamer

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Part 4 of 5

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HUMAN KIND #4

All Roads Lead to (New) Rome

Part 4 of 5

The planet Thera is just like Earth... gone horribly wrong. Thera has been monitoring Earth for decades, copying Earth's culture and commerce. The planet's brilliant geneticists have even created their own Earthlings, with Thera factories cranking out slave-class **HUMANOID**.

Detective Alla Sparrow is a factory-bred human herself, head of Thera's Human Crimes Bureau. When an actual human unwittingly lands on Thera, the delicate balance is upset. Alla Sparrow finds herself at the crossroads between her Thera masters... and the underclass **HUMANOID**.

RECENTLY: Astronaut Bruno Karloff has crash-landed on Thera, where he is subjected to horrible experiments under the direction of Thera's evil geneticist, Crucifer. The experiments make Bruno transform into giant, savage beast in moments of great stress. Bruno escapes captivity, but is accused of murder and sentenced to a Game of Death in the Coliseum.

Detective Alla Sparrow, investigating possible links between Crucifer and Bruno, journeys deep into Thera's Dark Lands. She and her sidekick Greta find Bruno in beast form fighting a fierce battle at the Coliseum. Taken into custody by Sparrow, the trio head back to New Rome, unaware of what the Thera government really has planned for them.

On their trip, they are ambushed by worm-like creatures called Gimbats and Bruno saves Sparrow's life. Once on board the ship that will take them to Police Headquarters, Sparrow decides to help him escape to repay him, but Greta, who, as an android, cannot deviate from orders, takes them both into custody. Meanwhile, Crucifer divulges both his plans for colonizing Earth and for having some of his own government officials assassinated!

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THANK YOU FOR
YOUR HELP, LORD
CRUCIFER. MY CHIEF WILL BE
FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT FOR
SENDING THE GRAVITY
COPTER TO RETRIEVE ME
AND THE PRISONERS.

AND, OF COURSE,
YOU WILL SURELY BE
COMMANDED FOR
HELPING THE ARMY
LOCATE THAT ROGUE
PIRATE SHIP.

YES, UMM...
WHAT WILL BECOME
OF THE PIRATES?
I DIDN'T SEE ANY
PRISONER TRANSPORT
SHIPS BEFORE
LEAVING.

THE PIRATES
WILL BE DEALT
WITH ACCORDINGLY,
I CAN VOUCH FOR
THAT.

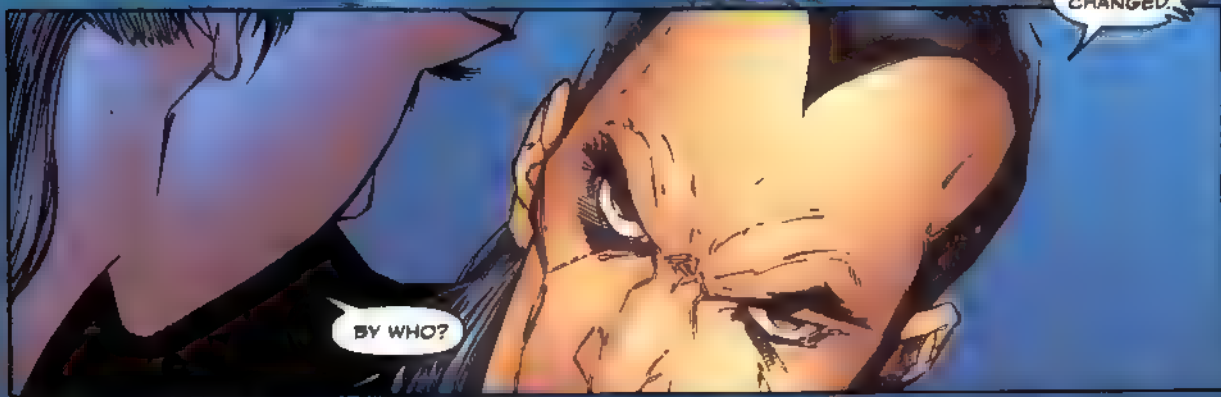
GOOD. I WILL
BE ARRIVING AT NEW
ROME'S 1ST PRECINCT
WITH THE PRISONERS IN
APPROXIMATELY THREE
AND ONE QUARTER
MINUTES.



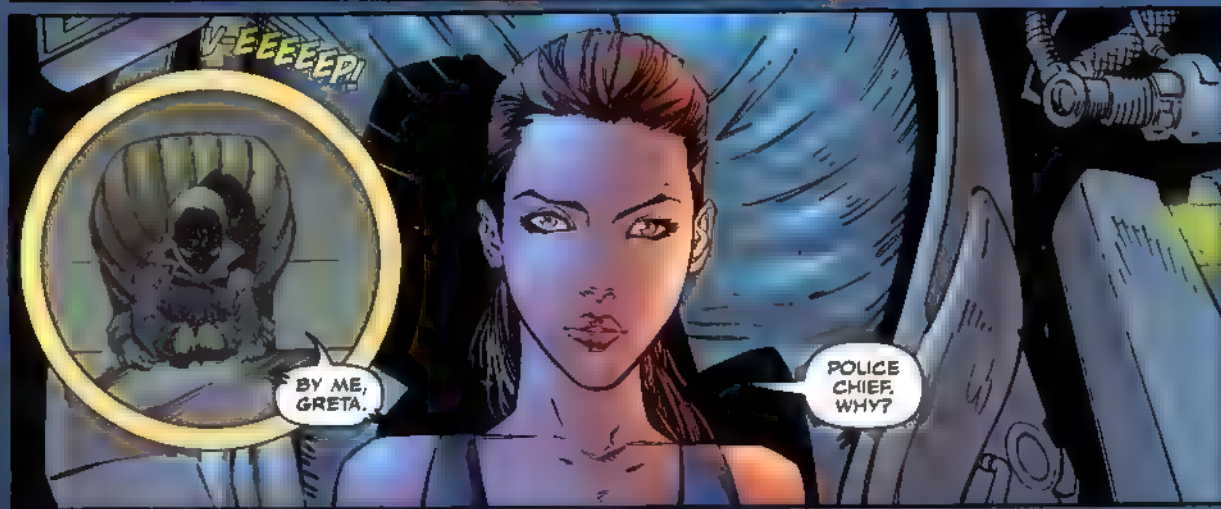
"Greta, I'd like you to go directly to my personal laboratory at the Theran Research Facility. We have very little time left."

I'M SORRY, YOUR EXCELLENCY, BUT I HAVE ORDERS WHICH CANNOT BE BROKEN.

YOUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED.



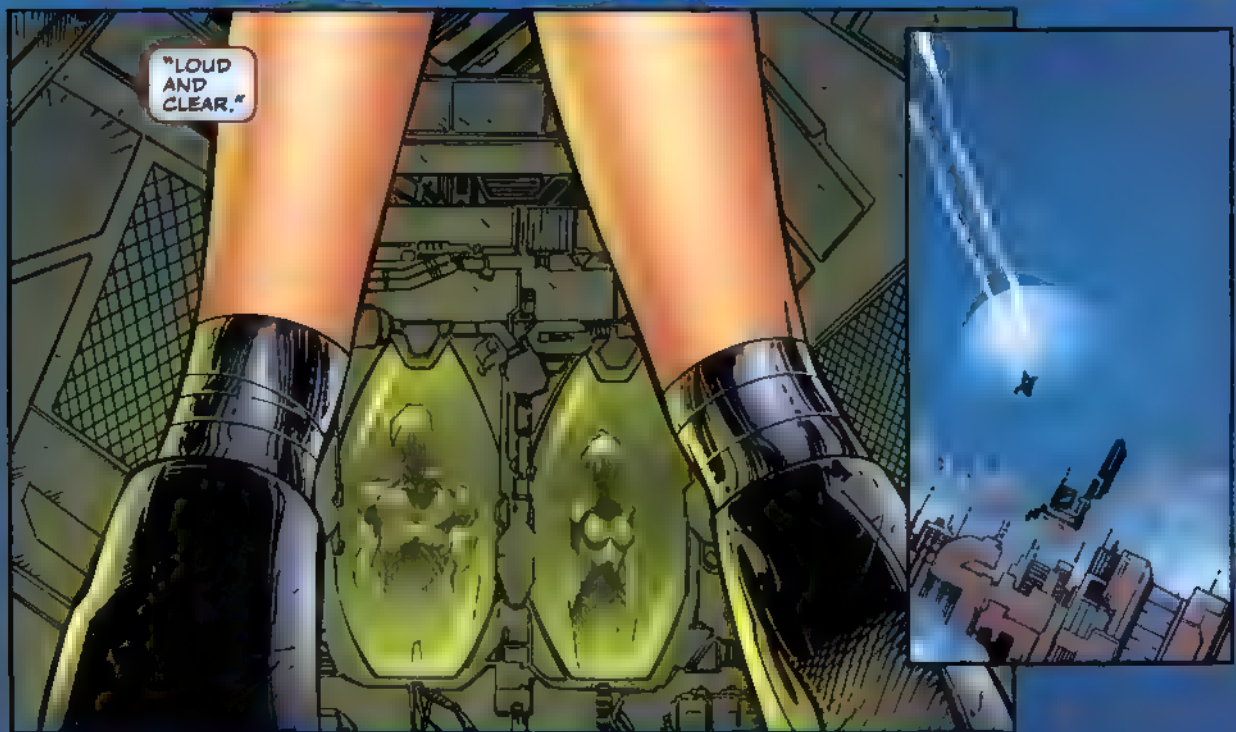
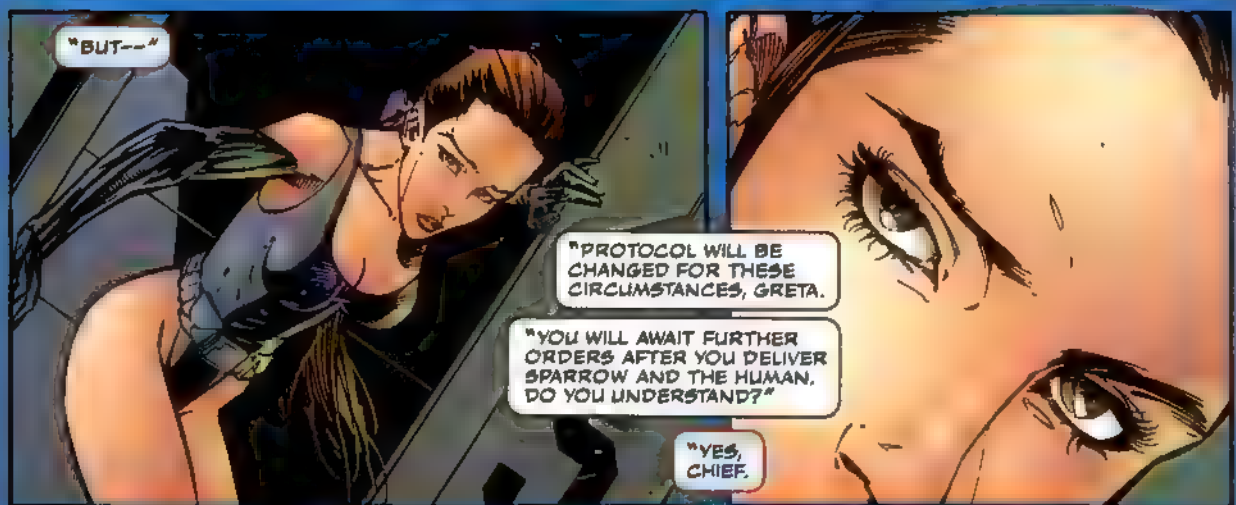
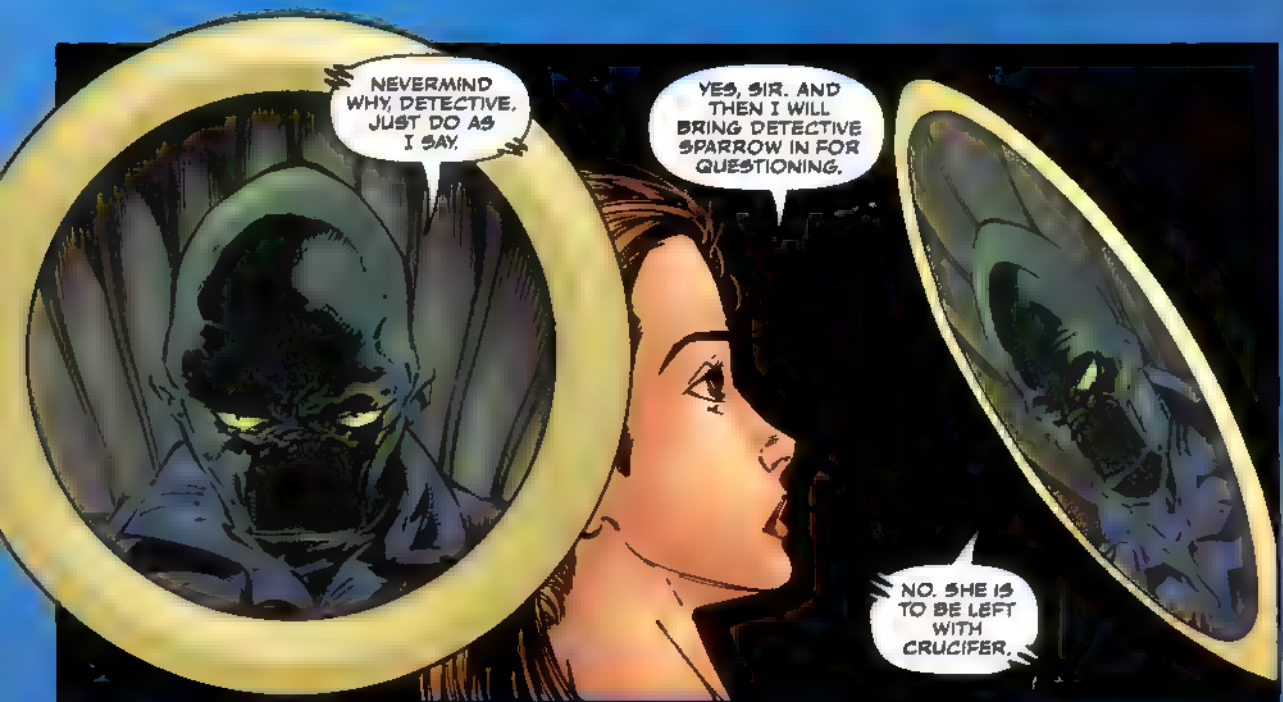
BY WHO?



V-EEEEEP!

BY ME, GRETA.

POLICE CHIEF, WHY?



THE REGENCY
TOWERS OF
NEW ROME.

I MUST SAY,
HIGH LORD, THAT I'M
STILL SOMEWHAT
UPSET WITH YOU.

KATH'RIN,
PLEASE. YOU KNOW
HOW DIFFICULT IT IS
FOR ME TO BREAK
AWAY THESE DAYS...

I KNOW, I KNOW,
THE COMING PLAGUE,
THE EXTINCTION FACTOR,
YADA-YADA-YADA. I'VE BEEN
MISSING YOU, YOU BIG, FAT,
OL' PUMPKIN HEAD.

I PROMISE, I WILL
MAKE IT UP TO YOU
TONIGHT.

B-DEEPI!

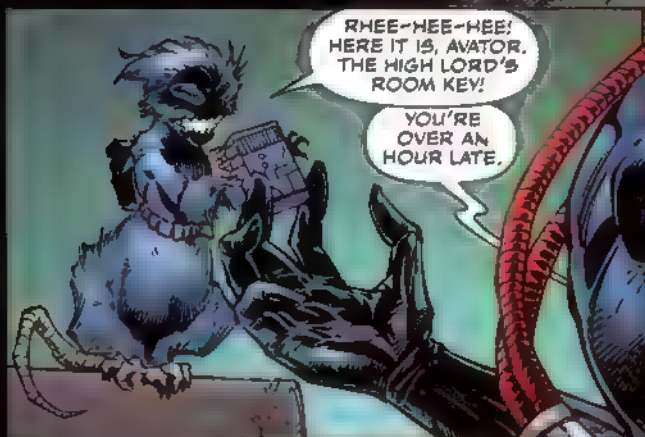
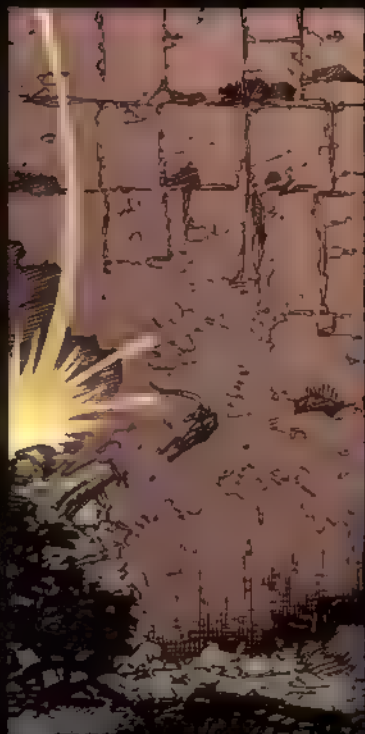
I'LL PAY
YOU TRIPLE

CREAK!

NOW WE'RE
TALKING!

STOP FIDDLING
AROUND AND
UNDRESS ME,
YOU FOOL!

RREOW!



RHEE-HEE-HEE!
HERE IT IS, AVATOR.
THE HIGH LORD'S
ROOM KEY!

YOU'RE
OVER AN
HOUR LATE.

I HAVE ALL
FOUR OF THE
TARGETS' ROOM
KEYS NOW, SO I'M
OFF FOR SOME
BUSINESS. DON'T
WAIT UP.

CRACK!

A high-angle, comic book style illustration. In the foreground, Batman is shown from the waist up, standing on a large, circular, red platform that resembles a brick floor. He is wearing his iconic black and grey suit with a bat emblem on the chest and a flowing black cape. His expression is stern and determined. Behind him, a massive, multi-story industrial or research facility is built into a dark, jagged mountain. The facility features various levels, windows, and large cylindrical structures. The surrounding landscape is rocky and desolate, with a hazy, purple-tinged sky. The overall tone is dramatic and ominous.

Theran Government Research
Facility, Mountains of St. Helen.

Late, as usual.
It's no wonder
our species is
endangered.



IT TAKES GREAT CARE FOR US TO AVOID BEING SEEN HERE, CRUCIFER. IF ANY ONE OF US WOULD'VE BEEN SPOTTED...

YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY LONGER ABOUT THE HIGH LORD, OR HIS THREE LOYAL ALLIES, AFTER TONIGHT.



THEY NO LONGER FACTOR INTO OUR EQUATION. WE CAN NOW FREELY ACT UPON WHAT IS BEST FOR OUR KIND, FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD.



...THE EXTINCTION FACTOR RUNS THE WORLD.



MEET BRUNO, THE MAN WHO WILL MAKE OUR SPECIES' SURVIVAL POSSIBLE.



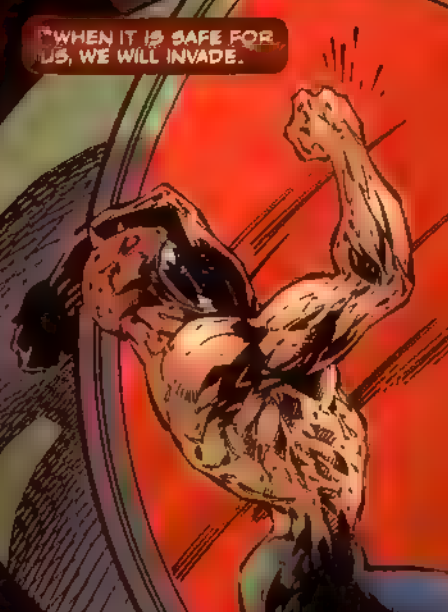
"HE IS THE FIRST MANUFACTURED
HYBRID OF THERONIAN AND HUMAN.
HIS TRANSFORMATION IS ONLY A SIDE
EFFECT OF THE VIRUS HE CARRIES."



"BUT ONCE WE RETURN HIM
TO EARTH, HE WILL UNLOAD THE
MOST DEVASTATING PLAGUE TO
EVER SURGE A PLANET."



"WHEN IT IS SAFE FOR
US, WE WILL INVADE."



"BUT NOT A HOSTILE WORLD... ONE
THAT WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO
OUR KIND AND WHO WILL BE
THANKFUL FOR OUR ARRIVAL."

WE WILL LIVE ON
FOR THOUSANDS OF
CENTURIES, THANKS TO
THE EXTINCTION
FACTOR'S GRAND
VISION.



AND HOW WILL WE SEND THIS HUMAN BACK TO EARTH? BEAM HIM DOWN FROM ONE OF OUR SHIPS?

THEIR ARMY WILL QUARANTINE AND THEN ULTIMATELY KILL HIM, LIKE ALL THE OTHER ABDUCTED HUMANS BEFORE HIM.

OF COURSE THEY WOULD. THAT'S WHY WE'VE SALVAGED THE CRAFT HE CAME IN ON: THE SPACE SHUTTLE'S ESCAPE POD



WE WILL RELEASE THE POD INTO THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, USING OUR SIMPLE CLOAKING DEVICES.

WHA-- WHAT DID YOU SAY? YOU HAVE MY SHIP?



YOU WILL GET YOUR WISH AFTER ALL. YOU'RE GOING HOME.

SOMEWHERE INSIDE
THE RESEARCH FACILITY...

I AM
REQUIRED TO
ESCORT YOU TO THE
SICK BAY FOR ANALYSIS,
DETECTIVE. YOUR CLOSE
CONTACT WITH THE
CONTAMINATED ONE
CALLS FOR NO OTHER
COURSE OF ACTION.

I'M BEING
QUARANTINED?

OF COURSE.
BUT YOU ARE JUST A
ROBOT. IT'S VERY LIKELY
THAT YOU CAN BE
DISINFECTED IN A MATTER
OF HOURS. IF YOU WERE
A HUMAN...

...NEVER
MIND.

NO. FINISH.
IF I WERE A
HUMAN?

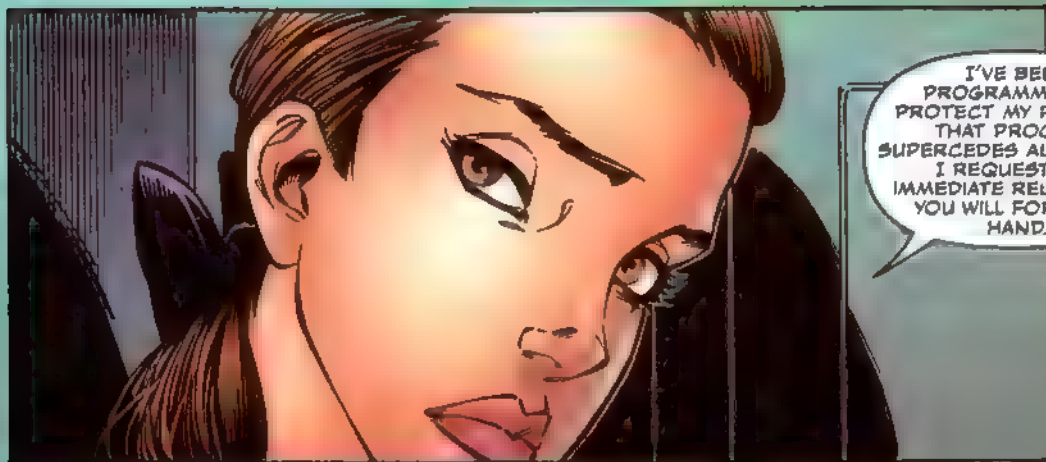
LOOK THROUGH
THE OBSERVATORY
WINDOW. YOUR
FRIEND IS THERE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING TO
HER?

"SHE IS BEING
POPPED, WITH ALL
THE OTHER FLU-
STRICKEN HUMANS."

GRETA!!!!
HELP!!

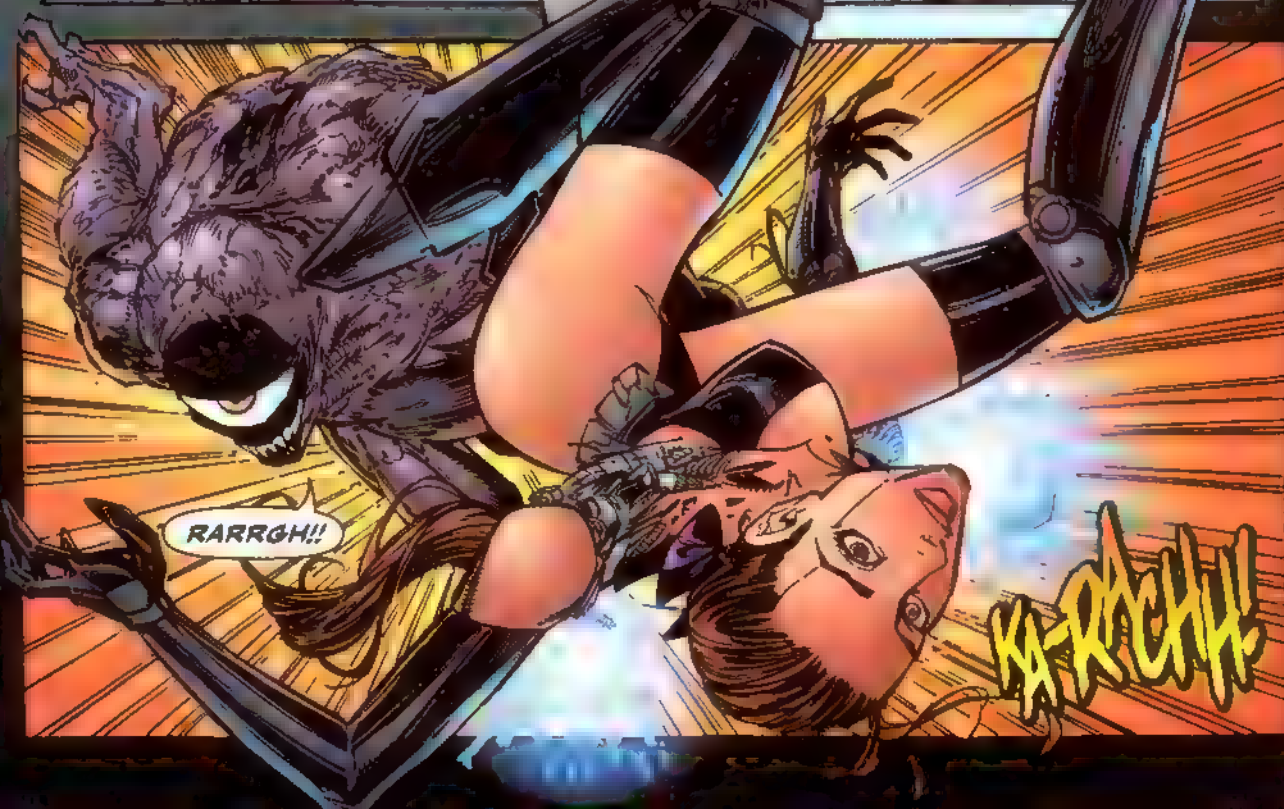
I'M SORRY,
DETECTIVE SPARROW.
I HAD TO FOLLOW
ORDERS.



I'VE BEEN
PROGRAMMED TO
PROTECT MY PARTNER.
THAT PROGRAM
SUPERCEDES ALL OTHERS.
I REQUEST HER
IMMEDIATE RELEASE OR
YOU WILL FORCE MY
HAND.



I WAS WARNED
ABOUT YOUR
MODEL, DETECTIVE.
THEREFORE, MY HAND
TOO, HAS BEEN
FORCED.



RARRGH!!

KA-RACH!!

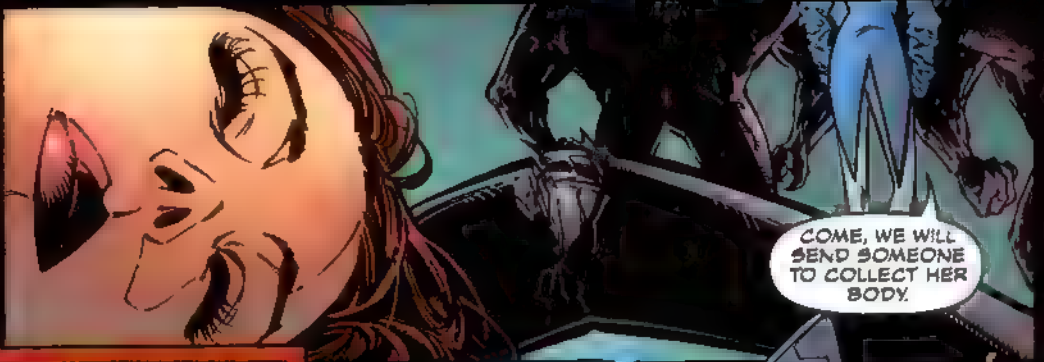


RAH-RAH!
RAH! RAH!!!

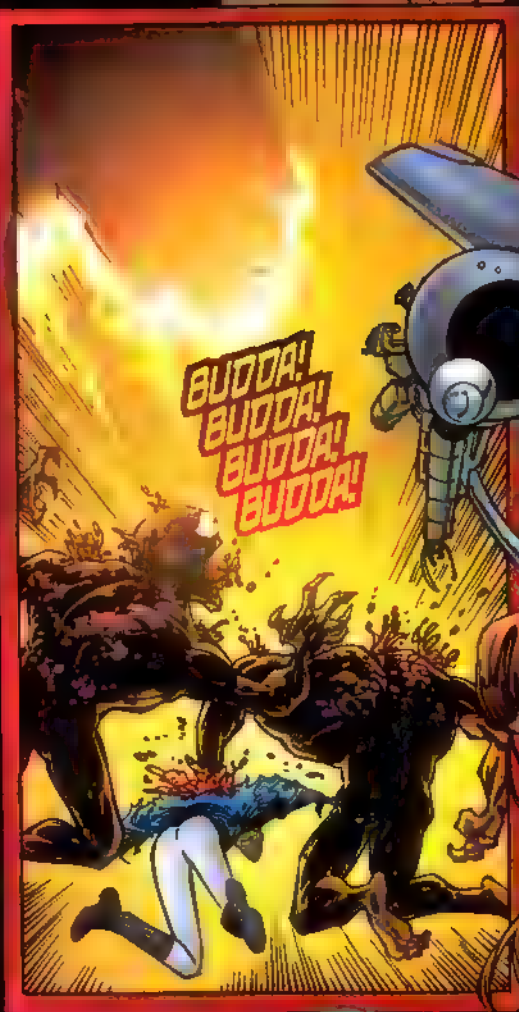
POP!

SHZZT

POP!



COME, WE WILL
SEND SOMEONE
TO COLLECT HER
BODY.



BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!



COLLECT
THAT.



KATH'RIN?



AVATOR, YOU
SCUMBAG. WHERE
THE HELL HAVE
YOU BEEN?

GRRAMAMBL...
HONEY?



KATH'RIN?
WHO ARE YOU
TALKING TO?



RECOGNIZE
ME?

YOU-YOU'RE
THAT HITMAN!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE DEAD!

CRUCIFER
BROUGHT ME
BACK TO LIFE...
TO KILL YOU



ELSEWHERE...

ONCE EXPOSED TO THE
SUPER-GERM, ILLNESS
SETS IN WITHIN THE FIRST
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

MADNESS FOLLOWS
THEN DEMENTIA.

WITHIN THE NEXT FIVE
DAYS, THE INFECTED'S
BLOOD CELLS BEGIN
TO ADAPT TO THE NEW
CELLS, THIS IS WHEN
THEY ARE MOST
INFECTIOUS.



WE CAN
ALTER THE LIFE
ON EARTH WITHIN
TWO WEEKS. ANY
QUESTIONS?

HOW CAN WE
EXPECT HIM TO
SUCCESSFULLY EXPOSE
OTHER HUMANS TO HIS
VIRUS WHEN HE LOOKS
LIKE ONE OF US?

Spl
*SINCE HIS TRANSFORMATION
HAS COMPLETELY MATURED, A
SIMPLE CHEMICAL WILL RETURN
HIS APPEARANCE TO THAT OF
WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED.

*PERMANENTLY.

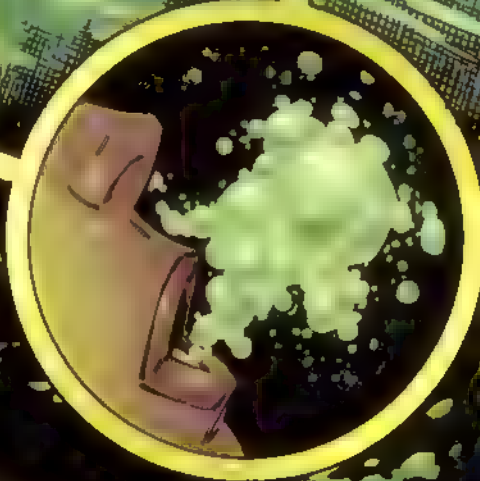
*NOW HE IS
READY TO
GO HOME.*

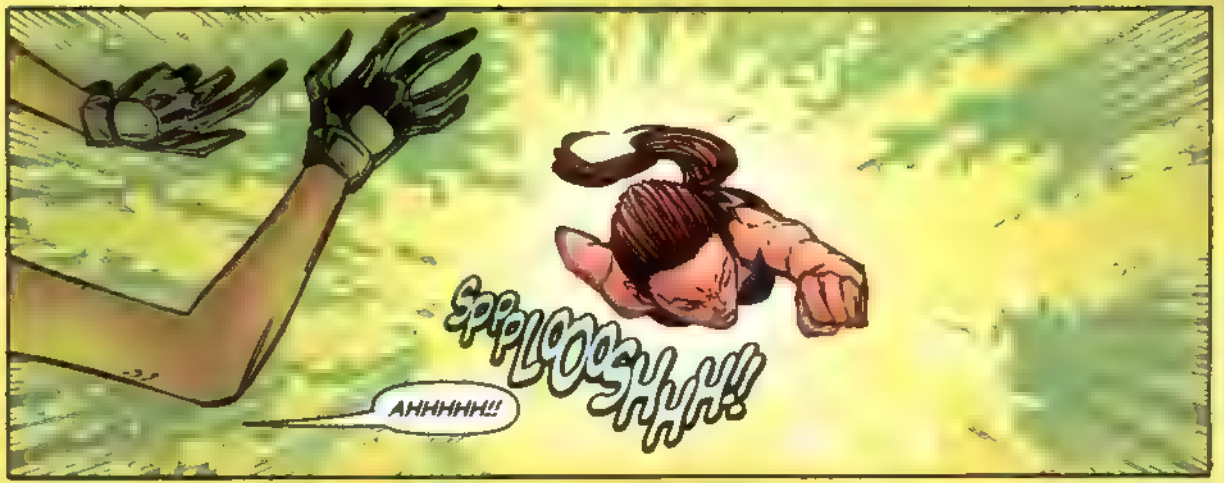
HOW COULD
I HAVE BEEN SO
STUPID? I TRUSTED
THAT BAG OF NUTS AND
BOLTS--- I THOUGHT OF
HER AS A HUMAN... AS
MY FRIEND!

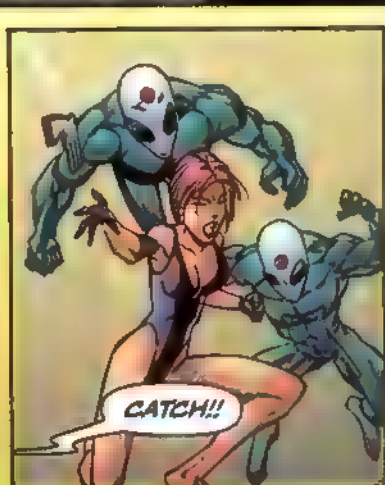
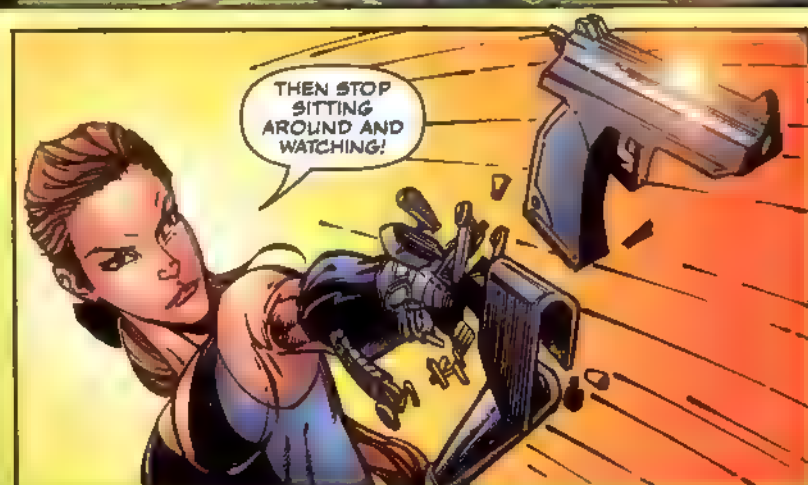
IF I CAN PRAY
TO THE GOD THAT
BRUNO BELIEVES
IN... IF IT'S TRUE
WHAT HE SAYS...
...THEN I ASK
HIM TO LET ME
LIVE THROUGH THIS!
IF NOTHING MORE
THAN TO JUST BLOW
OFF GRETA'S
STUPID FACE!

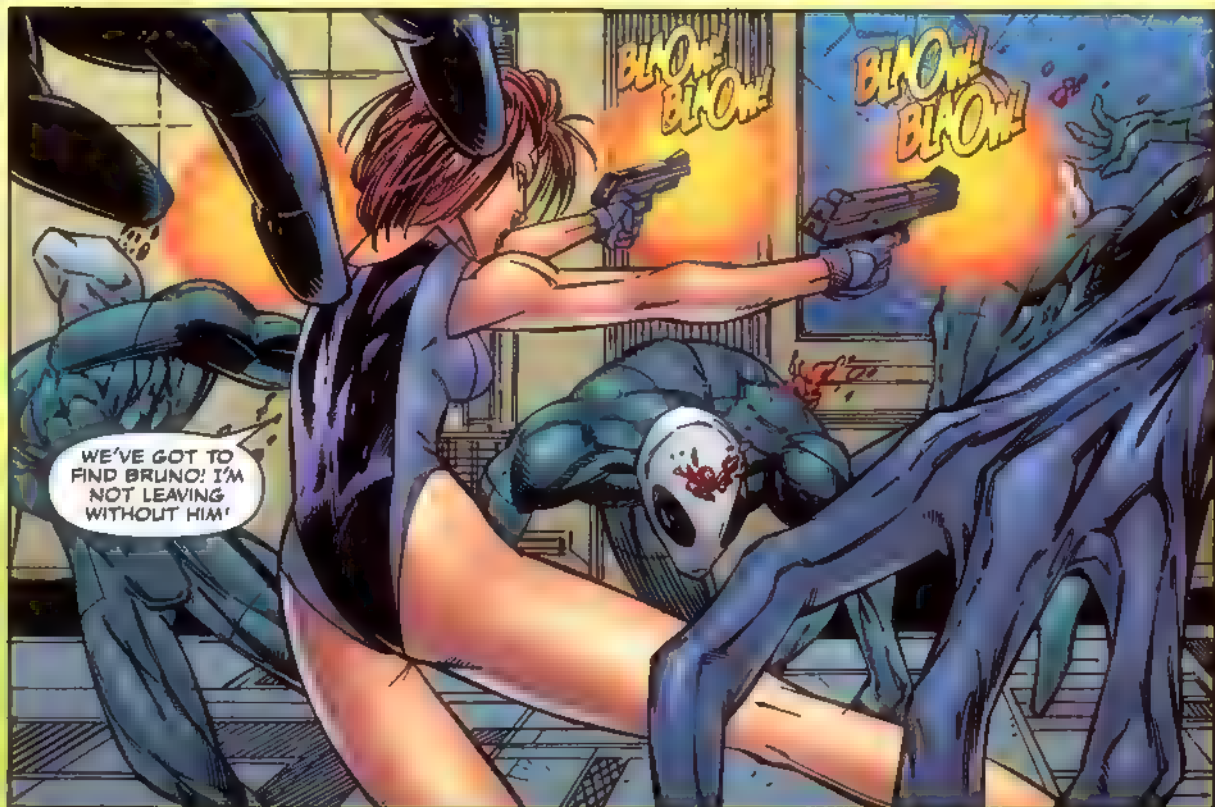
GARRRGHHH!

OH, DEAR GOD!
HEAR MY PRAYER!!









WE'VE GOT TO
FIND BRUNO! I'M
NOT LEAVING
WITHOUT HIM!

BLAM!
BLAM!

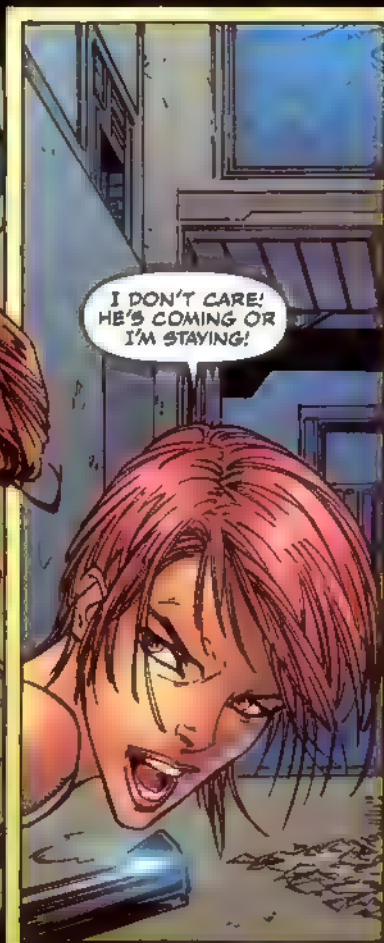
BLAM!
BLAM!



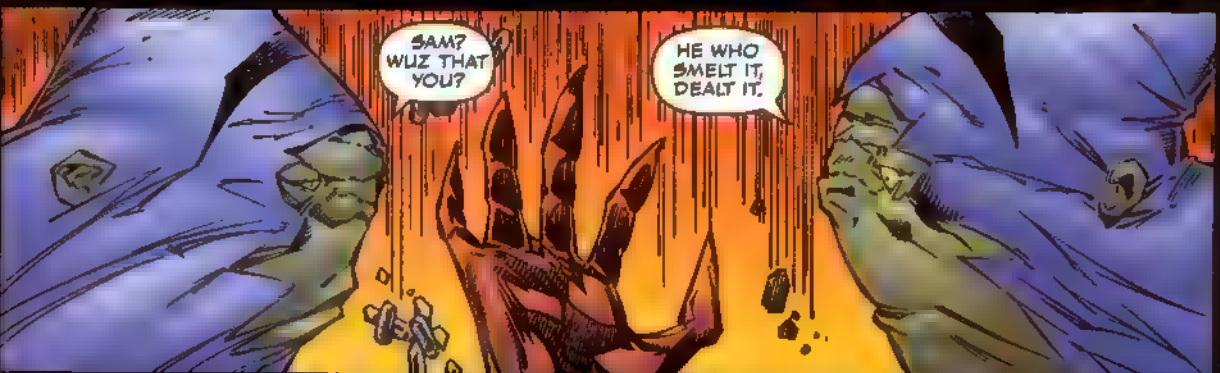
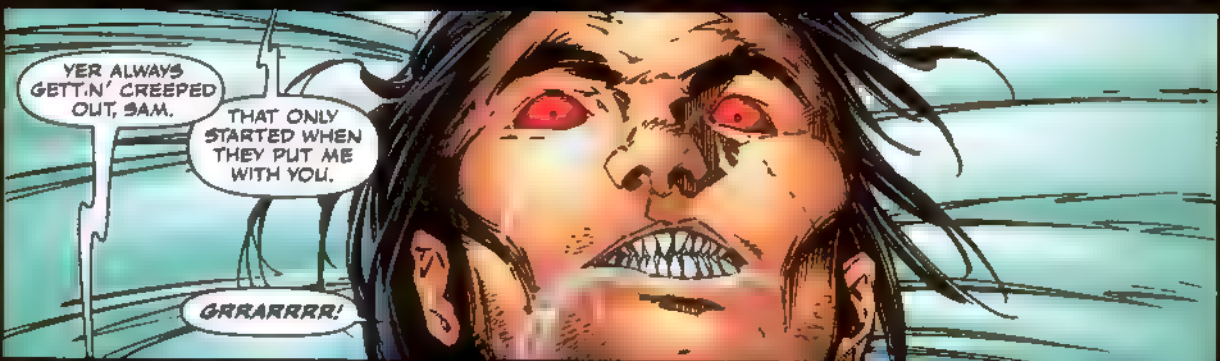
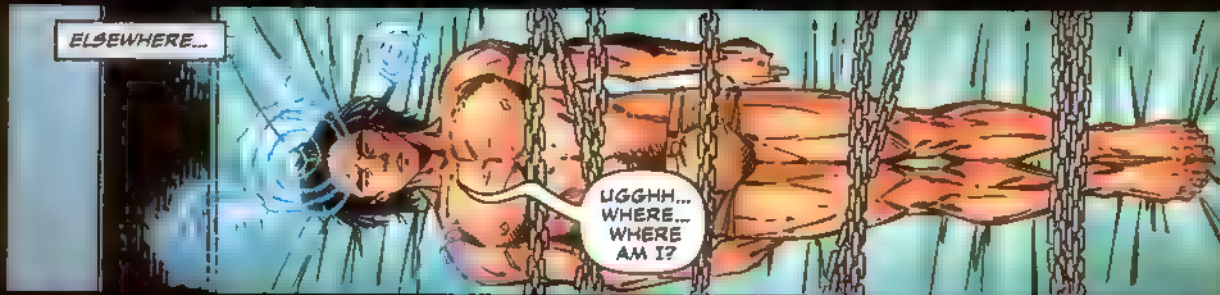
NO, SPARROW. IT
WILL BE HARD
ENOUGH FOR US TO HIDE
IN THE POPULATION
WITHOUT BRUNO AND
HIS HAZEL EYES!

BLAM!

BLAM!



I DON'T CARE!
HE'S COMING OR
I'M STAYING!



MINUTES
LATER...

GRETA! IN HERE!
THIS IS WHERE THE
SCREAMING WAS
COMING FROM!

SPARROW!
STAY BACK!

SHHH!
LOOK, OVER
THERE.

THERE'S
SOMEONE
BEHIND THAT
DOOR.

COME OUT...
OR I COME IN
SHOOTING.



YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO RUIN MY
HOMECOMING PARADE,
WOULD YOU?

BRUNO!

TO BE CONCLUDED
NEXT ISSUE.

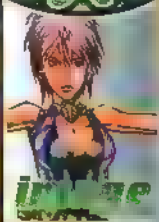
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HUMANKIND #5

All Roads Lead to (New) Rome Part 5 of 5 SERIES FINALE

The planet Thera is just like Earth... gone horribly wrong. Thera has been monitoring Earth for decades, copying Earth's culture and commerce. The planet's brilliant geneticists have even created their own Earthlings, with Thera factories cranking out slave-class humans.

Detective Alla Sparrow is a factory-bred human herself, head of Thera's Human Crimes Bureau. When an actual human unwittingly lands on Thera, the delicate balance is upset. Alla Sparrow finds herself at the crossroads between her Thera masters... and the underclass humans.

RECENTLY: Astronaut Bruno Karloff has crash-landed on Thera, where he is subjected to horrible experiments under the direction of Thera's evil geneticist, Crucifer. The experiments make Bruno transform into giant, savage beast in moments of great stress. Bruno escapes captivity, but is accused of murder and sentenced to a Game of Death in the Coliseum.

Detective Alla Sparrow, investigating possible links between Crucifer and Bruno, journeys deep into Thera's Dark Lands. She and her sidekick Greta find Bruno in beast form fighting a fierce battle at the Coliseum. Taken into custody by Sparrow, the trio head back to New Rome, unaware of what the Thera government really has planned for them.

On their trip, they are ambushed by worm-like creatures called Einbats and Bruno saves Sparrow's life. Once on board the ship that will take them to Police Headquarters, Sparrow decides to help him escape to repay him, but Greta, who, as an android, cannot deviate from orders, takes them both into custody. Meanwhile, Crucifer divulges both his plans for colonizing Earth and for having some of his own government officials assassinated! Now Greta has won the battle against her programming and freed Detective Sparrow, but have they reached Bruno in time to prevent his return to Earth? And if he does, how will they stop him from spreading a deadly virus that will destroy mankind?!

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CRUCIFER'S LAIR.

HOW LONG HAS THE HUMANKIND BEEN LOOSE, HERALD?

UH... APPROXIMATELY EIGHT MINUTES AND A QUARTER.

AND THE GUARDS WHO LET HIM ESCAPE-- THEY SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO ME AT ONCE.

THE HUMANKIND SOLVED THAT DILEMMA, SO IT WOULD SEEM. THEY'RE BOTH DEAD.

WHICH IS HOW I WANT ANY OF MY STAFF THAT ABETTED HIS TEMPORARY ESCAPE. WHEN WILL I HAVE MY FUGITIVE?

FUGITIVES, MY LORD. IT SEEMS THAT THE HUMAN POLICE DETECTIVE, ALIA SPARROW; AND HER ROBOT ENFORCER, GRETA, HAVE ALSO SLIPPED OUT OF OUR CUSTODY.

HOW DISAPPOINTING, YOUNG HERALD. WHO, MIGHT I ASK, WAS IN CHARGE OF SECURITY IN THE INCUBATION CHAMBER?

LORD CRUCIFER, IT-- IT WAS I!

AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO CORRECT YOUR ERRORS?

I--I'VE CORDONED OFF ALL EXITS, LORD CRUCIFER, AND EVEN IF THEY DO MANAGE TO MAKE IT OUT, THE EXTERIOR MOTION SENSORS WILL SURELY SPOT--

Crack-
Akak!

THEY DON'T WANT TO GET OUT, YOU NINNY. THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE AIRPORT HANGAR.

Screech!

AH!

Slam!

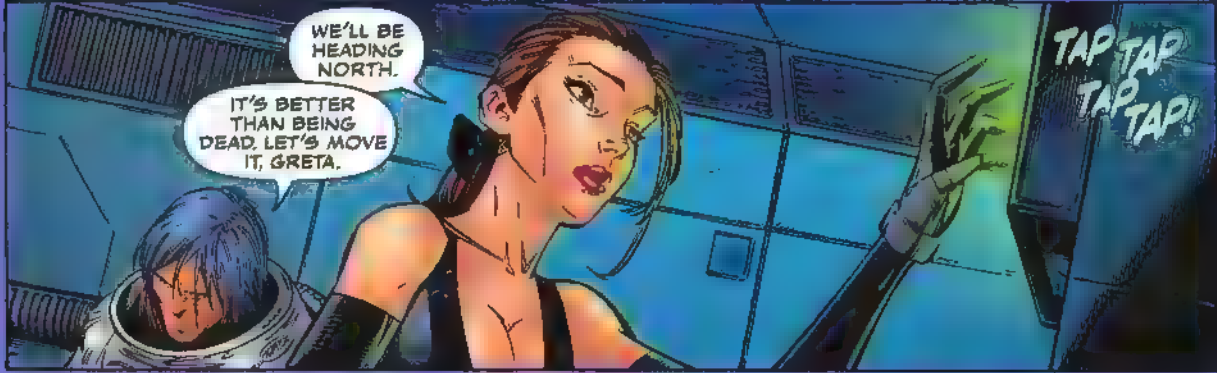
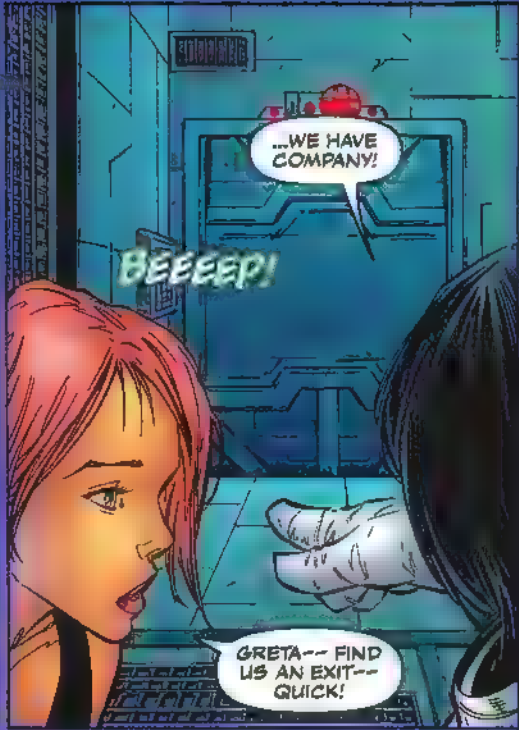
NO MATTER HOW WELL TRAINED A HUMAN IS, THEY'LL ALWAYS BE INFERIOR TO THERANIANS. I SHALL HANDLE MATTERS... PERSONALLY!

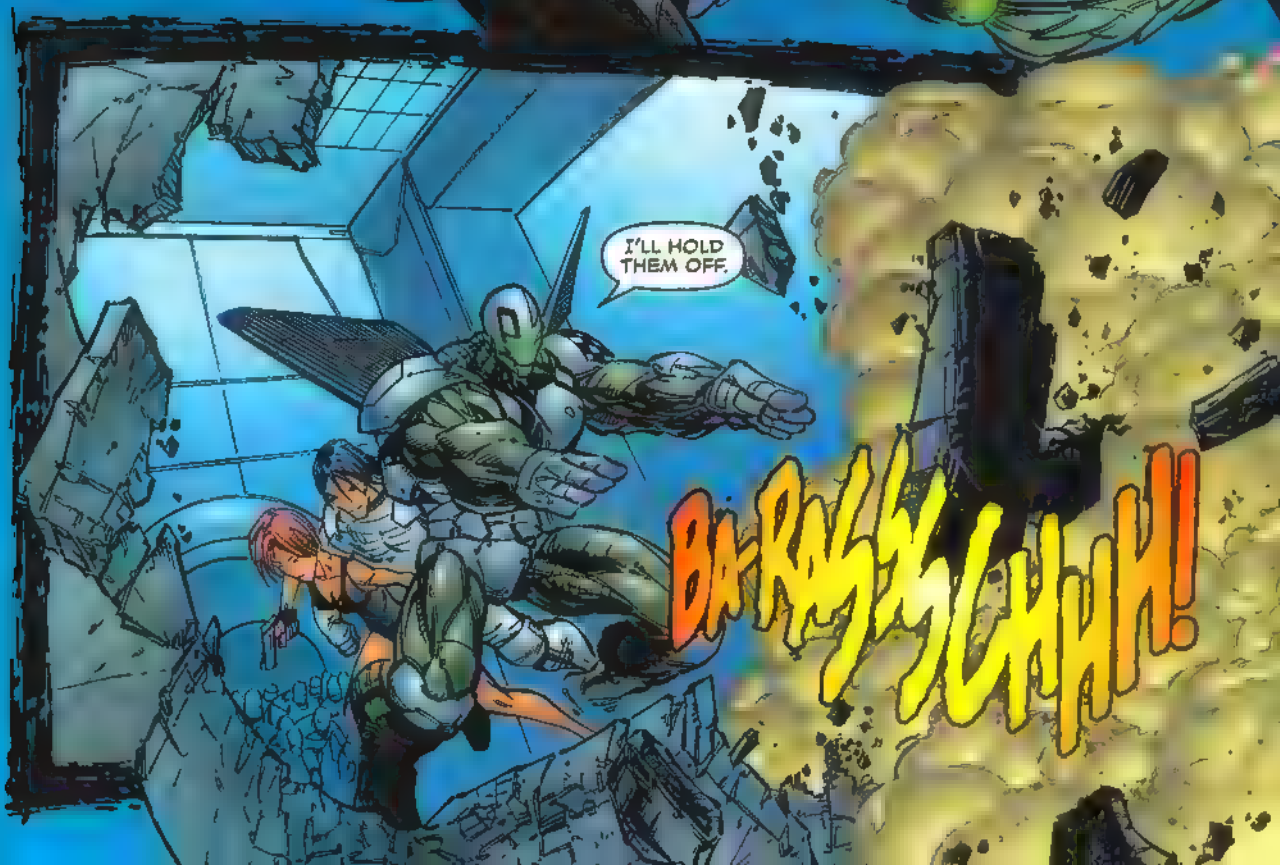


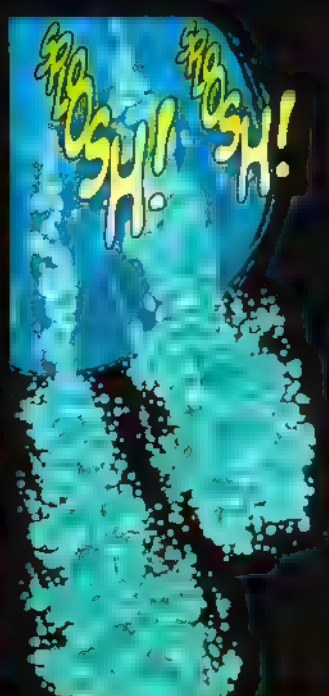
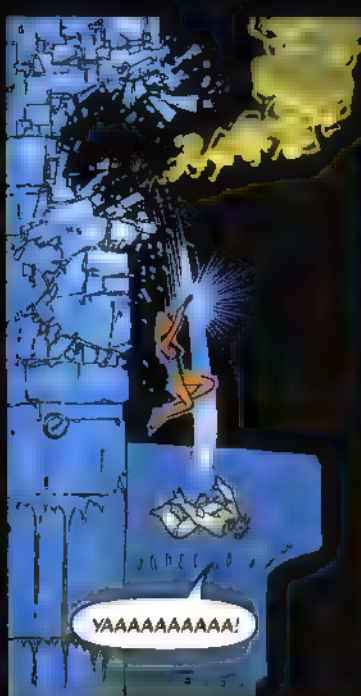
THEY'VE SCRAMBLED THE FLOORPLAN COMPUTER TO STOP US FROM FINDING THE BEST PATH TO THE HANGAR.

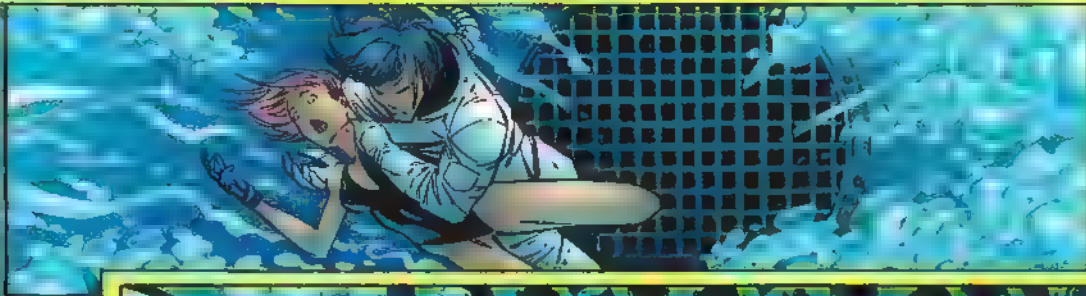
GRETA, YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN LEADING US BLIND?

THE COMPUTERS MAY BE SCRAMBLED, BUT NOT MY OWN SENSE OF DIRECTION.











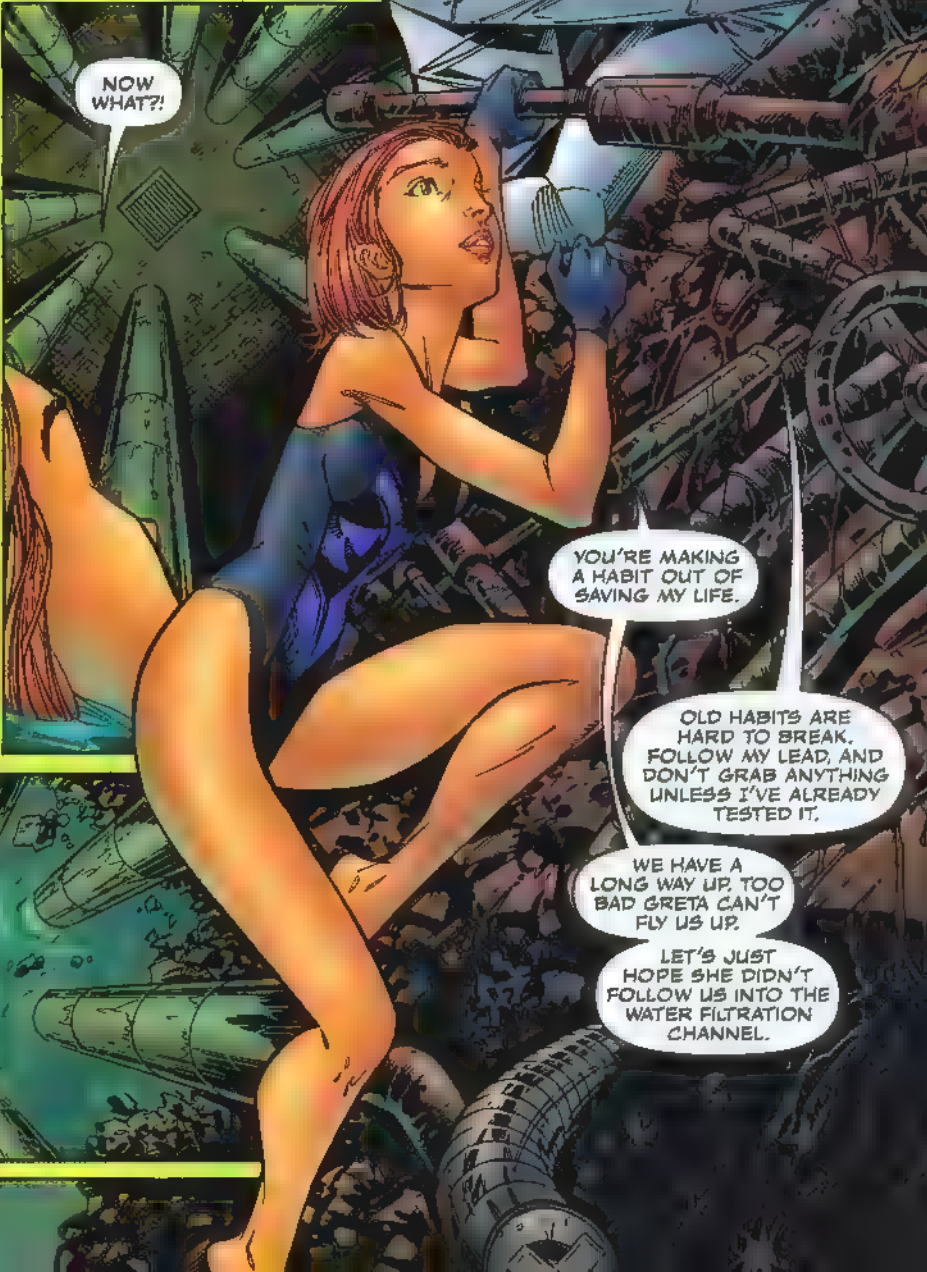
AIGHEE!

POOFH!



I THOUGHT
SHE SAID WE
WERE HEADING
EAST!!

NOW
WHAT?!

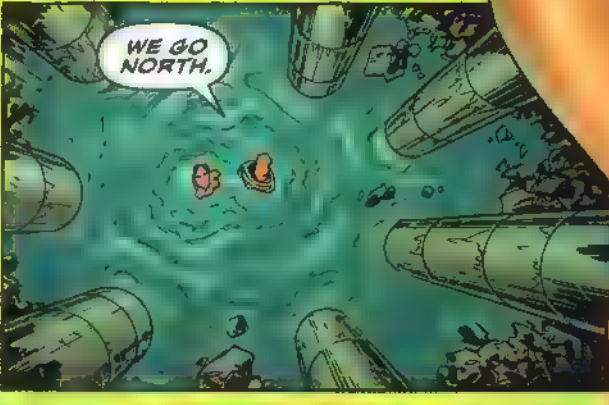


YOU'RE MAKING
A HABIT OUT OF
SAVING MY LIFE.

OLD HABITS ARE
HARD TO BREAK.
FOLLOW MY LEAD, AND
DON'T GRAB ANYTHING
UNLESS I'VE ALREADY
TESTED IT.

WE HAVE A
LONG WAY UP, TOO
BAD GRETA CAN'T
FLY US UP.

LET'S JUST
HOPE SHE DIDN'T
FOLLOW US INTO THE
WATER FILTRATION
CHANNEL.



WE GO
NORTH.



GREAT. MY
COMPUTER'S
NAVIGATION SYSTEM
IS GOING HAYWIRE
NOW. IF I EVER
LEARNED ANYTHING
FROM ALIA--

--IT'S TO
FOLLOW MY
INSTINCTS.

SEEING
THAT I HAVE NO
INSTINCTS, I'LL
HAVE TO DEDUCE
THAT WHERE
THERE'S SMOKE--
THERE'S FIRE.

BUDDA-
BUDDA-
BUDDA-
BUDDA!



AND PUNCHING
MY WAY THROUGH THE
THICKEST OF CRUCIFER'S
ENFORCEMENTS CAN
ONLY MEAN ONE
THING.



I'M
THREATENING
WHATEVER IT IS
THEY'RE
PROTECTING.

IF I CAN JUST
CRACK THE CODE,
I COULD GET INTO THE
LOADING BAY... OR BETTER
YET-- THE AIRPORT
HANGAR.

ACCESS DENIED.
ACCESS DENIED.
ACCESS DENIED.
ACCESS--

TAKTAK
TAKTAKTAKTAK
TAKTAK!

--GRANTED.

--COME TO
MAMA.

SHHAKK!

BZZZZZZTTT!



WE CAN'T
WAIT FOR
GRETA, ALIA.

...

JUST A MINUTE
LONGER. I KNOW
SHE'LL COME
THROUGH.

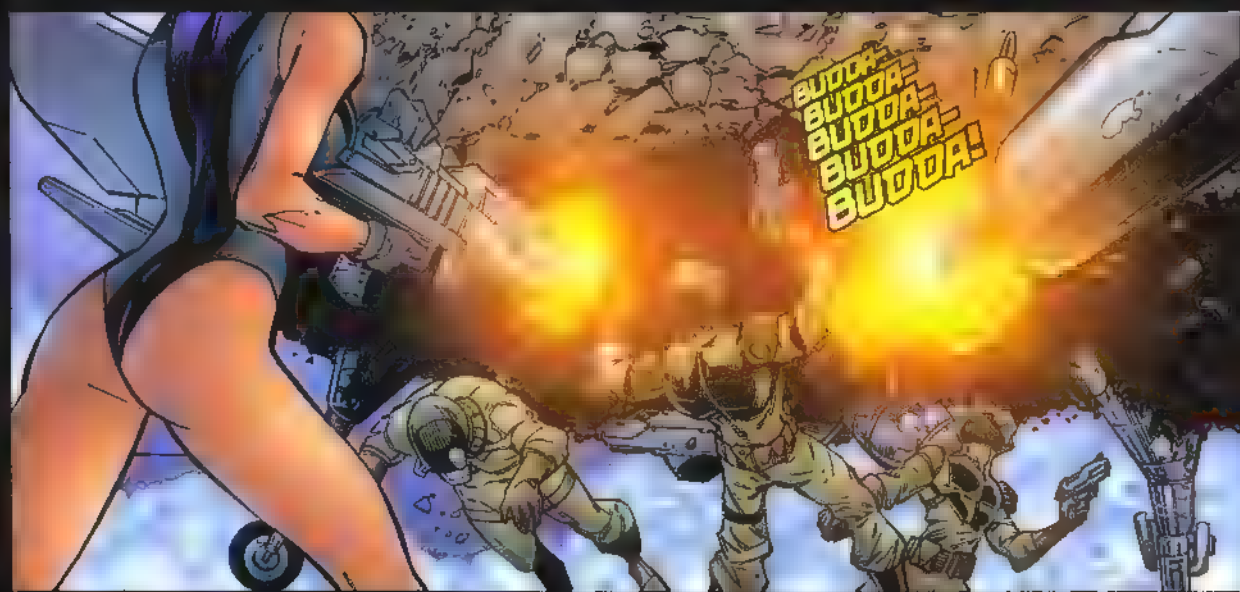
"MY ONE CHANCE
OUT IS ARRIVING."

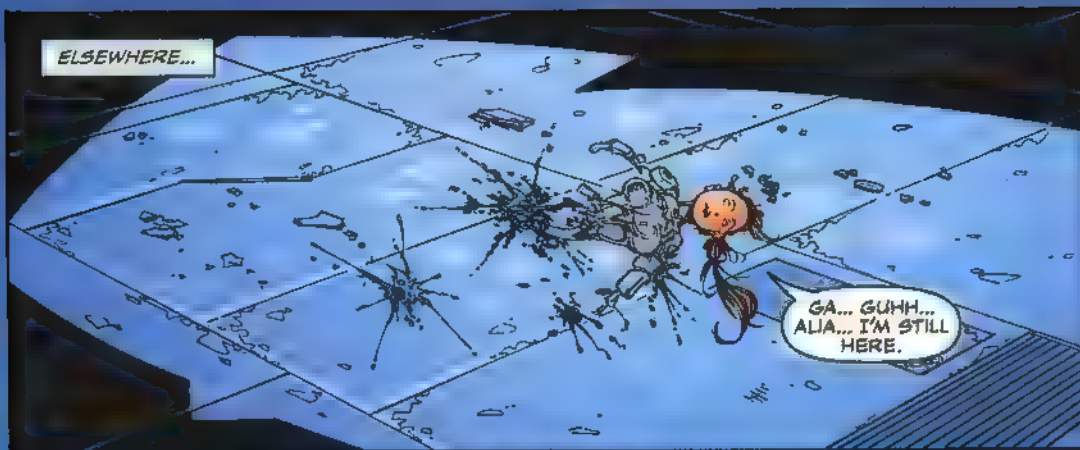
"BUT YOU'LL NEED HER TO
PROGRAM THE PROPER
COORDINATES AND SPEED
TO GET YOU BACK."

"I JUST NEED TO FIND THE
WORMHOLE THAT BROUGHT
ME HERE. THE REST, I'LL
LEAVE UP TO GOD'S WILL."

"I'D LIKE TO MEET
YOUR 'GOD' ONE DAY."

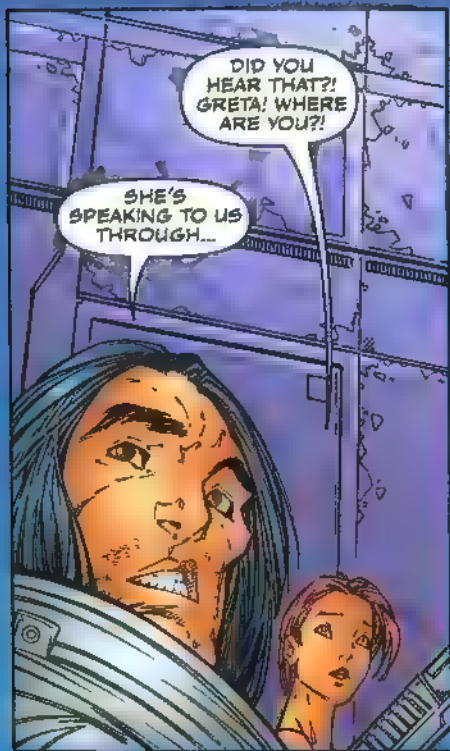
"IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU
MIGHT GET THAT CHANCE
SOONER THAN YOU THINK."





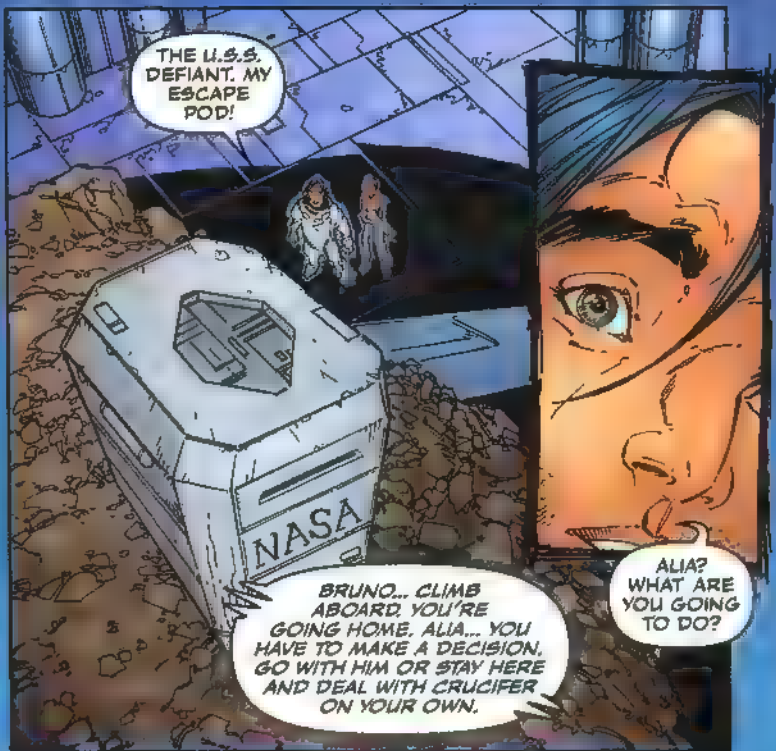
ELSEWHERE...

GA... GUHH...
ALIA... I'M STILL
HERE.



DID YOU
HEAR THAT?!
GRETA! WHERE
ARE YOU?!

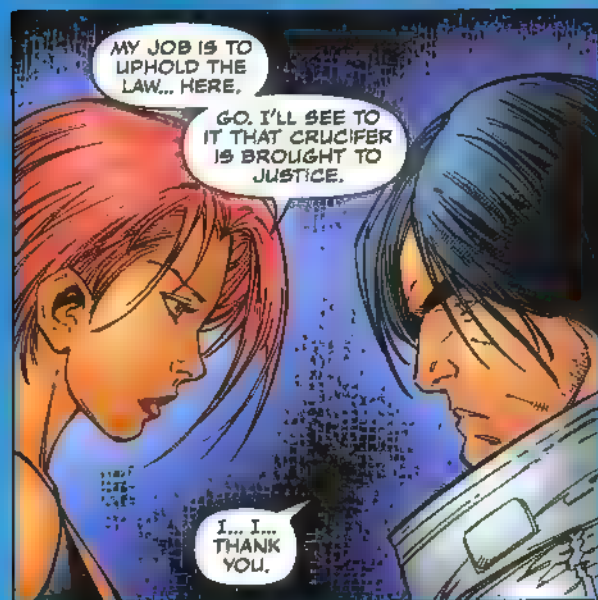
SHE'S
SPEAKING TO US
THROUGH...



THE U.S.S.
DEFIANT. MY
ESCAPE
POD!

BRUNO... CLIMB
ABOARD. YOU'RE
GOING HOME, ALIA... YOU
HAVE TO MAKE A DECISION.
GO WITH HIM OR STAY HERE
AND DEAL WITH CRUCIFER
ON YOUR OWN.

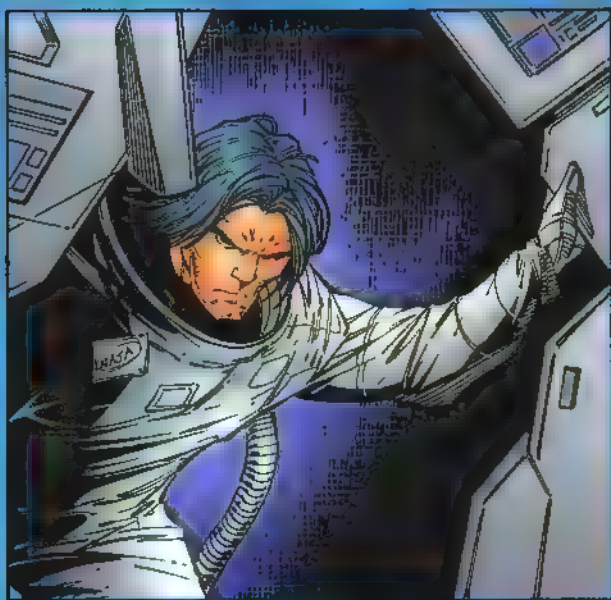
ALIA?
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO?



MY JOB IS TO
UPHOLD THE
LAW... HERE.

GO. I'LL SEE TO
IT THAT CRUCIFER
IS BROUGHT TO
JUSTICE.

I... I...
THANK
YOU.





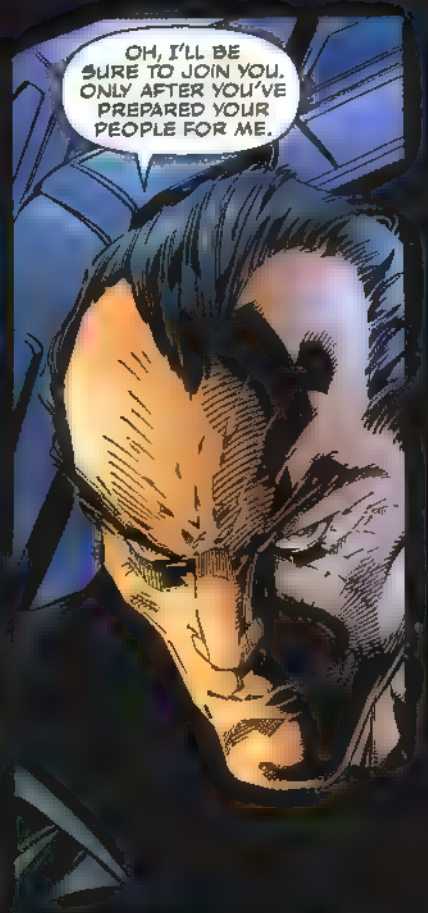
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

CRUCIFER! YOU'RE HERE.

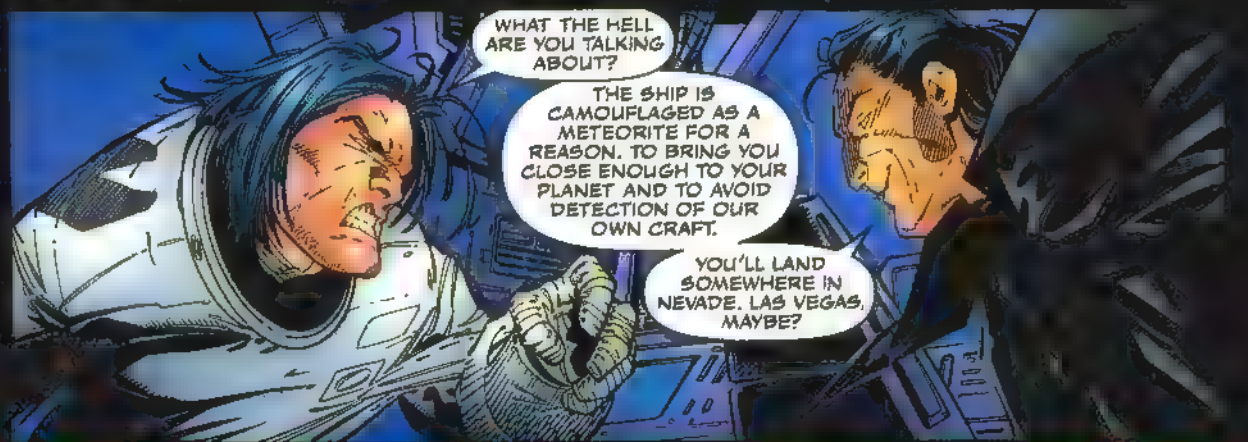
THERE WAS NEVER ANY DOUBT YOU WERE GOING HOME, EARTHLING. NO MORE SPLITTING HAIRS.



I'M GOING HOME ALL RIGHT, AND I'M TAKING YOUR CORPSE WITH ME.



OH, I'LL BE SURE TO JOIN YOU. ONLY AFTER YOU'VE PREPARED YOUR PEOPLE FOR ME.



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE SHIP IS CAMOUFLAGED AS A METEORITE FOR A REASON. TO BRING YOU CLOSE ENOUGH TO YOUR PLANET AND TO AVOID DETECTION OF OUR OWN CRAFT.

YOU'LL LAND SOMEWHERE IN NEVADE. LAS VEGAS, MAYBE?



KWIP!

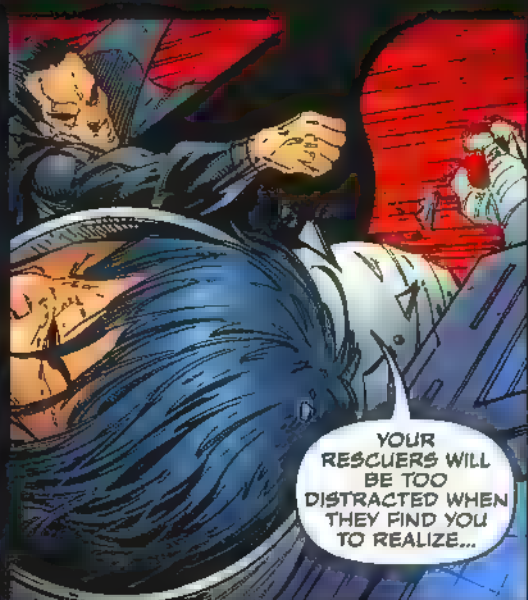
BUT FIRST-- SOMETHING TO HELP THE CAUSE...



AUGHH!



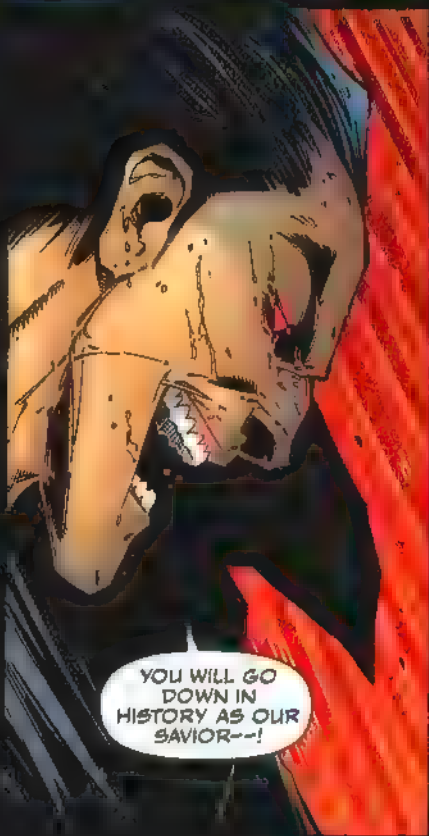
I INJECTED
YOU WITH A
PROTEIN THAT
WILL MAKE YOU
EXTREMELY
CONTAGIOUS.



YOUR
RESCUERS WILL
BE TOO
DISTRACTED WHEN
THEY FIND YOU
TO REALIZE...



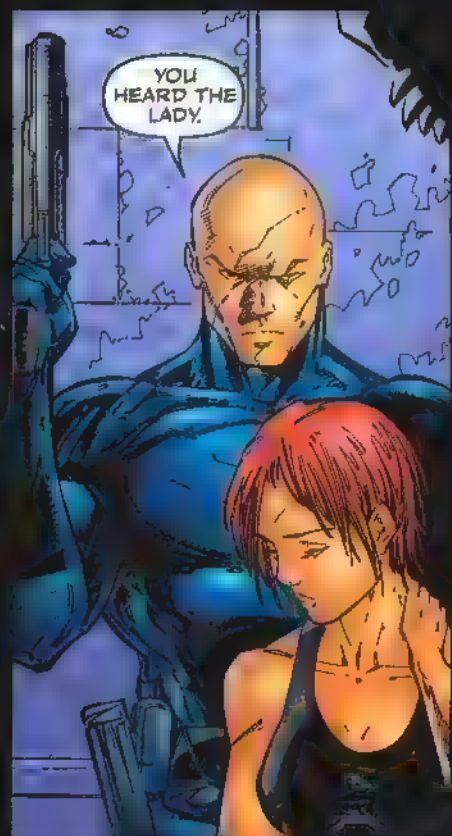
...THAT YOU'RE
EXPOSING THEM TO A
STRAIN OF VIRUS THAT WILL
WIPE OUT ALL HUMAN LIFE
WITHIN MONTHS...



YOU WILL GO
DOWN IN
HISTORY AS OUR
SAVIOR--!



STOP!!



YOU
HEARD THE
LADY.



AVATOR?!
WHY ARE YOU
HERE?!

YOU MADE
A MISTAKE BY
HIRING ME.

YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO
EXTERMINATE THE
HIGH COUNCIL!

THEY PAID
ME MORE
THAN YOU.



SWINE!!



YOU'LL WISH
YOU WERE NEVER
RESURRECTED!

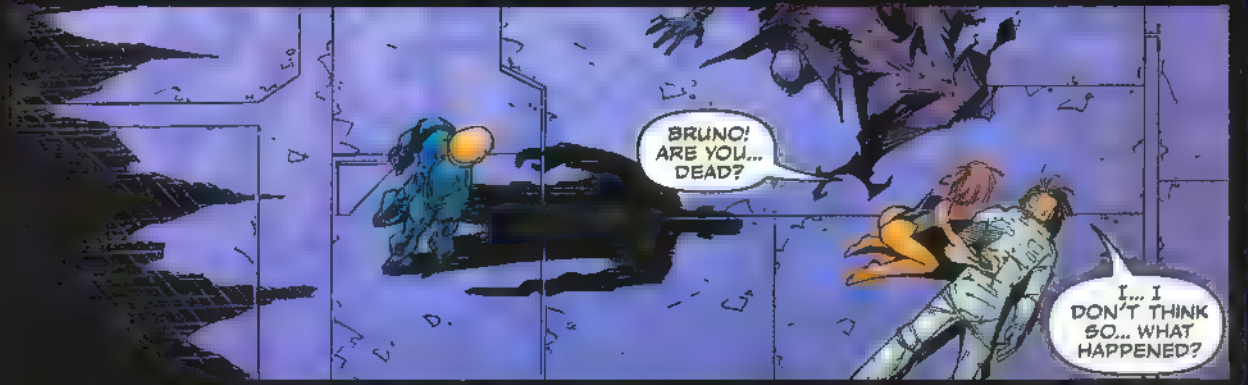


FWASH!!!

AAAAHHHHGGGGHHH!!

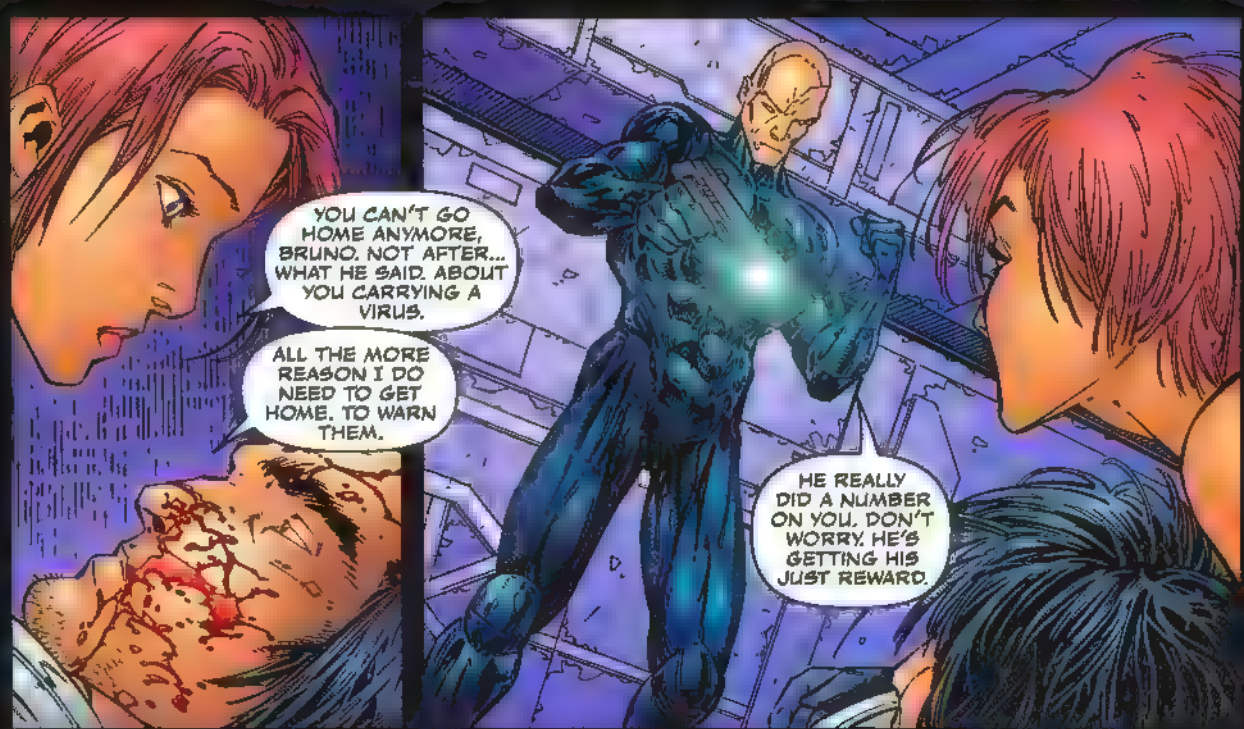
OH!!

NOW WE DUCK,
DETECTIVE.



BRUNO!
ARE YOU...
DEAD?

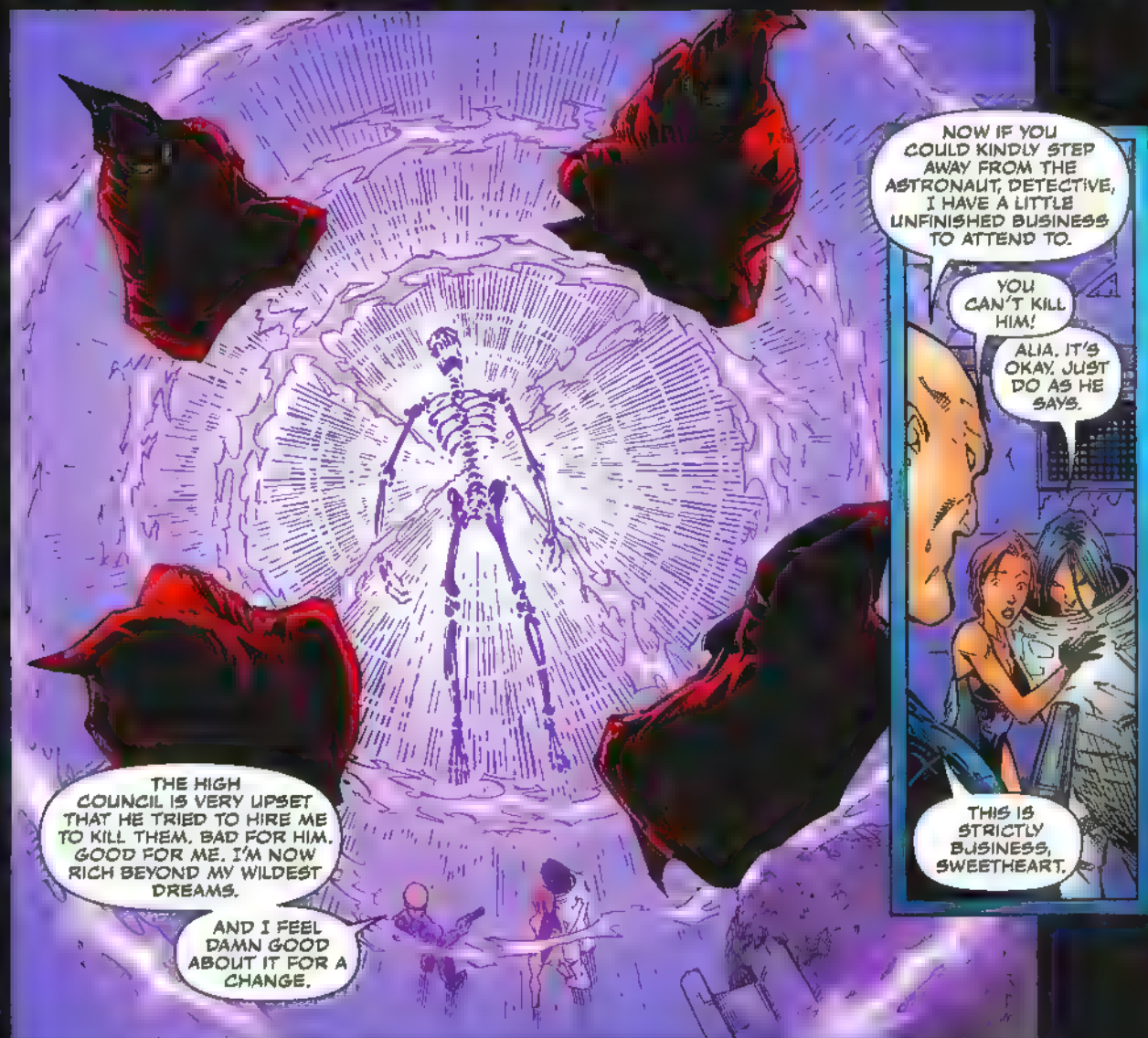
I... I
DON'T THINK
SO... WHAT
HAPPENED?



YOU CAN'T GO HOME ANYMORE, BRUNO. NOT AFTER... WHAT HE SAID. ABOUT YOU CARRYING A VIRUS.

ALL THE MORE REASON I DO NEED TO GET HOME. TO WARN THEM.

HE REALLY DID A NUMBER ON YOU. DON'T WORRY. HE'S GETTING HIS JUST REWARD.



NOW IF YOU COULD KINDLY STEP AWAY FROM THE ASTRONAUT, DETECTIVE, I HAVE A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

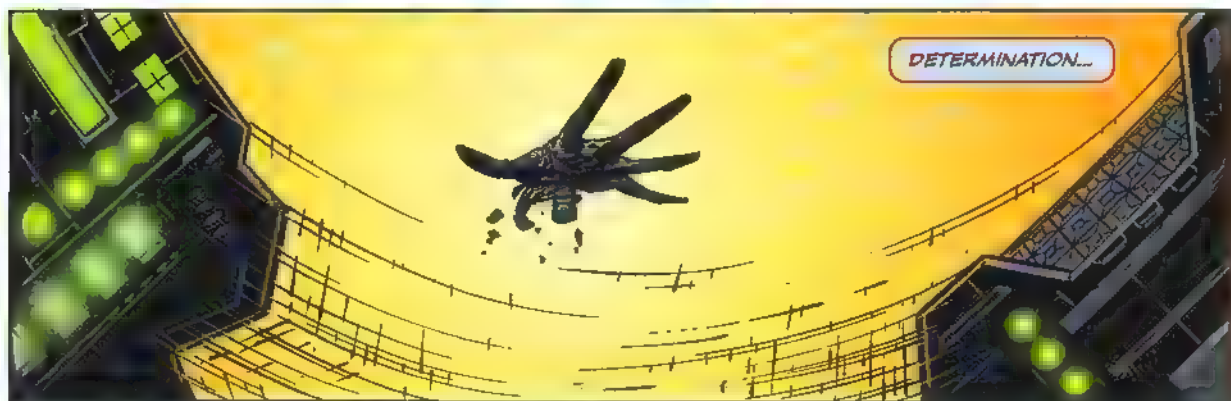
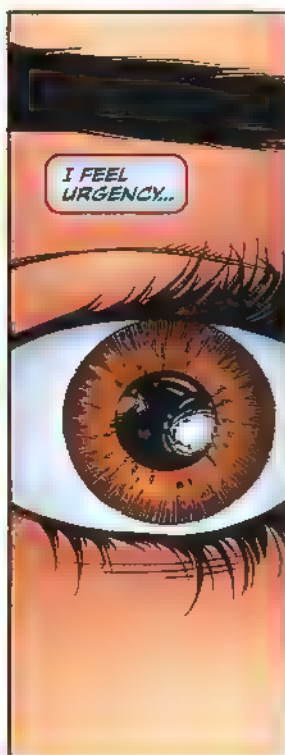
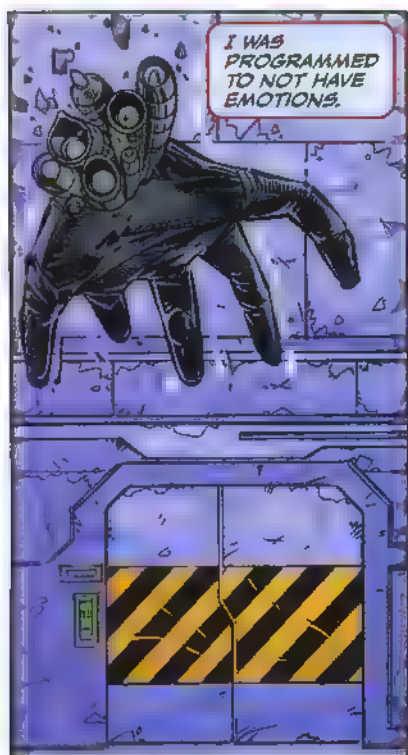
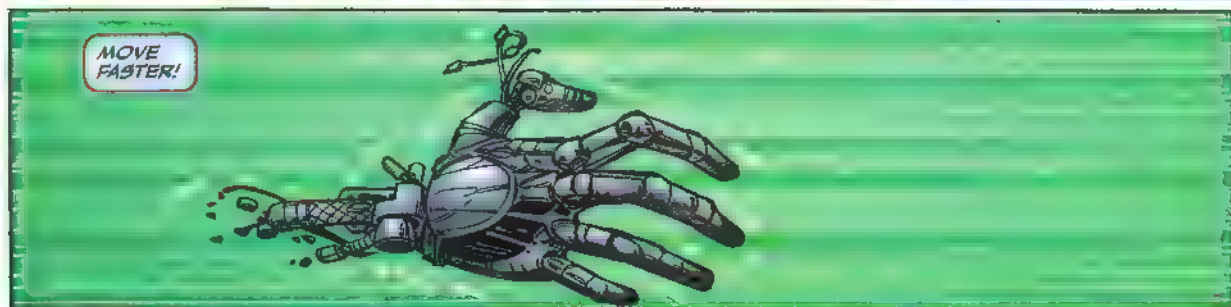
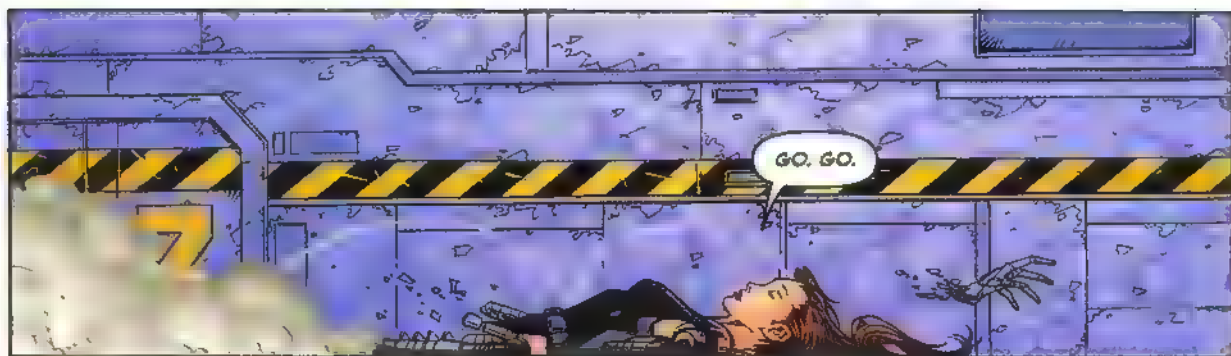
YOU CAN'T KILL HIM!

ALIA, IT'S OKAY. JUST DO AS HE SAYS.

THIS IS STRICTLY BUSINESS, SWEETHEART.

THE HIGH COUNCIL IS VERY UPSET THAT HE TRIED TO HIRE ME TO KILL THEM. BAD FOR HIM. GOOD FOR ME. I'M NOW RICH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS.

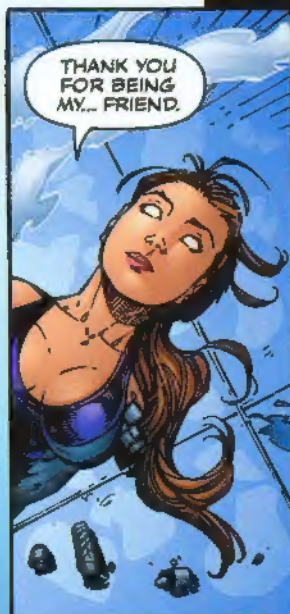
AND I FEEL DAMN GOOD ABOUT IT FOR A CHANGE.





ALIA, GET
BRUNO ON
THE SHIP.

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA!

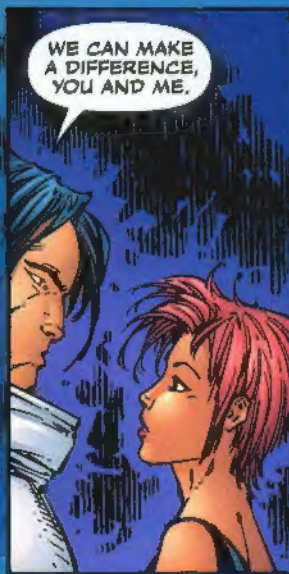


LATER, ON THE HILLTOPS
OF THE SIBERIAN COLONY.



YOU SURE
THIS IS THE
RIGHT DECISION,
BRUNO?

I COULDN'T
BE MORE
SURE.

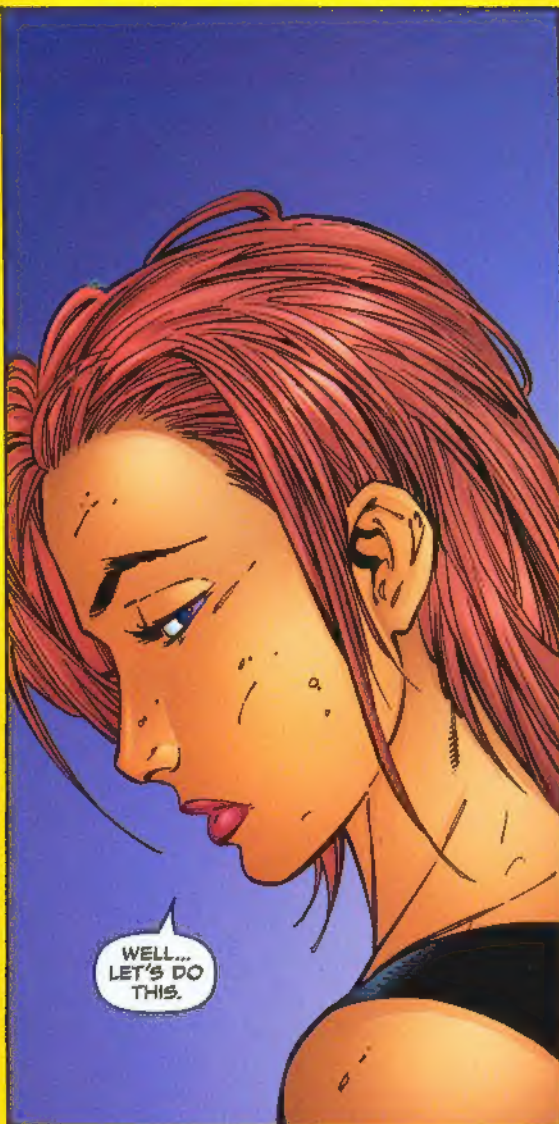




I WANT TO CONTINUE TO SERVE AND PROTECT. I'LL NEVER CHANGE. NOT FOR ANYONE OR ANYTHING.



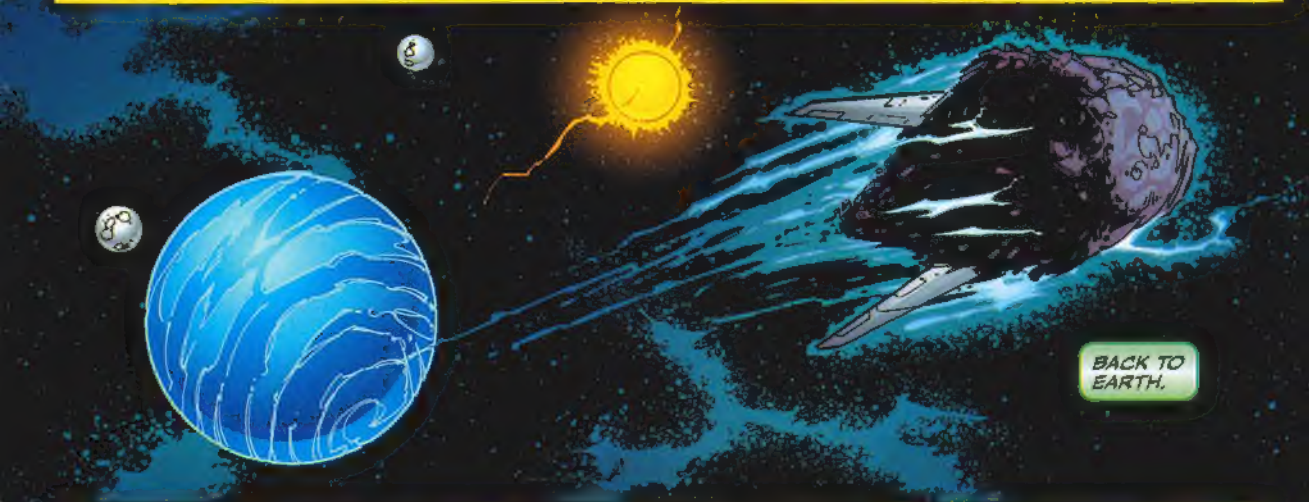
REMEMBER THAT.



WELL... LET'S DO THIS.



WE LIFTED OFF AND WITH THE HELP OF GRETA'S PROGRAMMING, WE WERE ABLE TO CHART OUR COURSE BACK TO THE MILKY WAY.



BACK TO EARTH.



GRETA STAYED WITH US MOST OF THE TRIP. BUT BY THE TIME WE HIT THE WORMHOLE... WE LOST COMMUNICATION.

ALIA DID EVERYTHING
I ASKED HER TO DO.



I KNOW IT WAS A HARD
DECISION FOR HER, BUT I
NEEDED HER TO BE STRONG.



AND I NEEDED SOMEONE WHO
COULD HELP EARTH UNDERSTAND
THE THREAT IT FACES.



BY THE TIME I REACH
EARTH, I'LL BE DEAD.





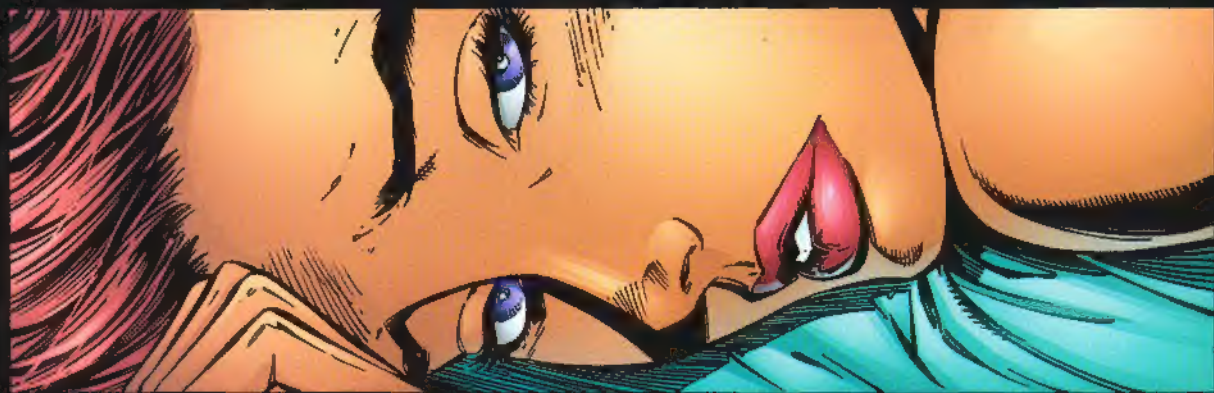
USING MY BODY
ALONG WITH
CRUCIFER'S DNA,
MAYBE THEY'LL
FIND AN ANTIDOTE
FOR WHATEVER I'M
CARRYING.



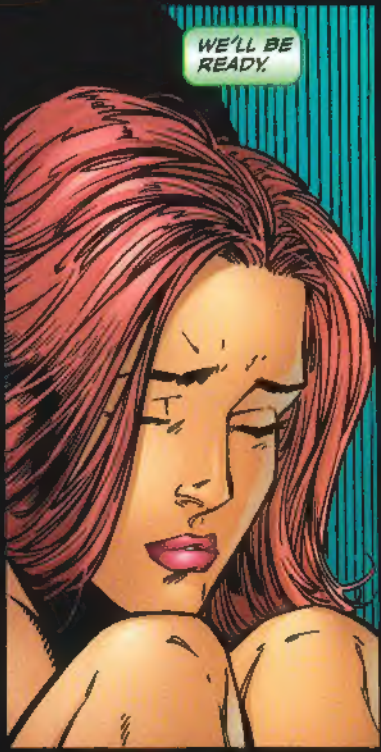
AT LEAST,
WE'LL HAVE
A FIGHTING
CHANCE.



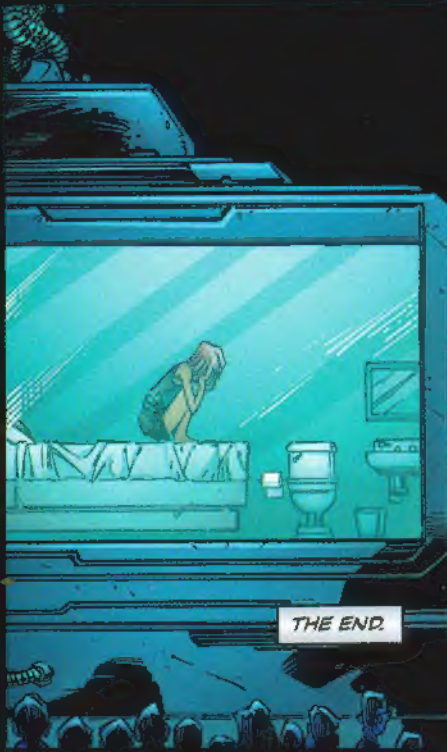
THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE
WON'T BE ON
THEIR SIDE
ANYMORE.



WHEN AND IF THEY EVER
DECIDE TO INVADE...



WE'LL BE
READY



THE END.